

# THE LITERARY WORLD.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1853.

## LITERATURE.

## FRANKLIN IN FRANCE.

[Translated for the *Literary World*, from a series of papers on Benjamin Franklin, now publishing in Paris by St. Beuve.]

FRANKLIN lived at Passy in a beautiful house with pretty grounds, in an agreeable neighborhood. It was his usual custom, during the early part of his residence in France, at least while his health continued good, to dine out six days in the week, reserving the Sunday for his countrymen, whom he entertained at home. His most intimate friends, among the celebrities, were Turgot, the good Duke de la Rochefoucauld, Lavoisier, the circle of Madame Helvétius at Auteuil, the Abbé Morellet, Cabanis, &c. Once a year, he made one of the party of visitors in the country, at Moulin Joli, the residence of Monsieur Watelet; and he paid a visit to Madame d'Houdetot at Sannois, on one occasion, the sentimental souvenir of which has been preserved. But these excursions were rare; for, independently of his functions as minister and negotiator, he had to perform at the same time the duties of "merchant, banker, admiralty judge, and consul." His countrymen found it more economical to make him do all this work alone, without even a secretary, which confined him during the day to a very sedentary life. He found relief, however, in the evening, in that intimate and friendly social enjoyment for which he was by nature so well fitted. For the most part, he preferred to be a listener to being a talker; and it is recorded that a certain woman of society, who had gone from curiosity to see him, complained of his silence. He had, it is true, his periods of silence. There were, however, some charming intervals of talk. Then when he began, he would continue to the end, without interruption. The stories, anecdotes, and *jeux d'esprit*, of which he was lavish during those happy moments, have been in part preserved, and revive the recollection of the man. He was remarkable for a good-natured irony. One of his most delightful correspondents (an English woman, Miss Georgiana Shipley), to whom he had sent his "Dialogue with the Gout," and other trifles, in the composition of which he occasionally indulged, and what is more, which were printed by himself, reminded him of those delightful and serious hours she had passed in his company, and from which she had derived her taste "*pour la conversation badinante et réfléchie*." These words of Miss Shipley, which were thus written by her in French, give a good idea of Franklin in everyday life.

The correspondence of Franklin at this period is most agreeable and amiable: the perfect balance, the judgment, the freedom from all bad passion and anger, the benefit he learns to derive even from his enemies, the kindly sentiment he mingles with the just appreciation of things, the lofty sentiment on proper occasions, a certain joyous air diffused throughout the whole, make up a real treasure of wisdom and morals. Compared with the correspondence of Voltaire, that of Franklin might suggest some reflections: that of the latter is wholesome, manly, and animated, as it were, by a lively and constant serenity. Franklin was possessed of an intelligence cheerful, finished, and sparkling; he termed ill-humor the *filthiness of the soul*. \* \* \*

Franklin was very popular in France; he

was the fashion. Medallion portraits, busts, prints of him, were everywhere; rings, canes, bracelets, and tobacco-boxes—all had Franklin on them. At the bottom of one of the engraved portraits was this famous line, applied to him by Turgot:

"Eripuit cælo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis."

Franklin blushed very much at seeing this line, and he blushed without affectation. He would have liked to have had this eulogy suppressed, for he said that it was extravagant, and that it exaggerated his part in the world; but he had to do with a monarchical country, which prefers above all things that some single person should have the credit of doing everything, and which desires to personify its admiration in one name and one glory. When he sent this portrait to his friends in America, he reminded them, by way of excuse, of the peculiar habit of the French people of indulging in excessive eulogium, so that ordinary simple praise almost became censure, and extreme laudation ended by becoming, in its turn, insignificant. All that he says upon this subject in his letters (and he refers to it on several occasions) is marked by a sterling good sense, and in a tone more serious than sportive, and without false modesty. Franklin is one of those men who, while honoring humanity and loving to look heavenwards, are the last to affect the angelic. \* \* \*

If all those who had conversed at Passy with Franklin had thoroughly understood his precepts and his conduct, they would have thought twice before undertaking to remodel universally the Old World. At the same time, it must be said (for we might be misunderstood) that it was difficult for those who listened to him not to take fire, and to avoid the temptation of radically reforming society, for he was himself, in his general manner of viewing and presenting things, a great, a too great simplifier. This practical man had nothing about him which discouraged the utopians; he rather urged them on by the novelties and the clear views that he seemed to open up in the prospect of the future. While conversing, he excited a desire of applying his principles, but he did not at the same time bestow upon those who listened to him (to the Condorcets and to the Chamforts, for example) his temper, his discretion in detail, his prudence.

An intelligent critic has very well defined him as the godfather of future social organizations; but I cannot understand how this critic could ever associate the name of Talleyrand and that of Franklin; it is blasphemy to join these two names together. Franklin, with all his acuteness, is honest and sincere. \* \* \*

After a residence of more than eight years in France, he returned, at the age of seventy-nine, to America. Affected with the gravel, he could not ride in a carriage; a *litière de reine*, drawn by Spanish mules, bore him from Passy to Havre, whence he embarked.

Providence, in withdrawing him from the world at this time, spared him the horror of seeing those whom he had best known and most loved, during his residence in France, carried off by violent deaths; the good Duke de la Rochefoucauld, Lavoisier, his neighbor at Passy, Le Veillard, with many others, all guillotined or massacred in the name of those principles that they themselves had favored and cherished. The last thoughts of Frank-

lin would have been covered with a funeral pall; and his serene soul, before rising in accordance with his religious hope, would have tasted all this bitterness.

## GERMAN LITERATURE, SCHILLING ON MUSIC.\*

IN discussing subjects prior to this, we have, incidentally, started the inquiry as to the affinity of tone and color, and assumed the position, that the gradation in the scale of human intellect proceeded from tone to color.

In this assumption we have kept in view the beautiful exposition of Oersted, wherein he classes the visual sense above every other, and regards it as the recipient of man's highest perceptions. The question is more untraceable whether this gradation ever takes place in the same individual, and we do not think that such a theory could be sustained, from the fact, that the physiological laws, on which the senses are founded, are immutable.

It is not our purpose to assume such a gradation in the same individual, but rather to suggest its existence in the species, in a collective sense; we know, however, that the individual, in his mental progression, passes through a gradation in colors as well as sound; the simple and unsophisticated finding the greatest attraction in red and yellow, and forsaking those hues with the development of æsthetic culture, and going in quest of darker ones. So, also, in the same individual, we find sound in its crude conditions to please the untaught ear, but as the same ear becomes refined by musical thought, it avoids those crude forms, as repulsively as the mind of color would red or yellow.

The author now before us may be said, in some degree, to controvert the views we have given, as to the precedence of color, inasmuch as he lays down melody in its various contrapuntal forms, as being the highest exponent of man's spiritual perceptions and feelings, and as such, ascribes to it a universality of thought and a supremacy, which the other arts cannot claim. Regarding music as the exponent of spiritual emotion, it enjoys a position which the pictorial art cannot reach, and it here answers one end at which painting sometimes aims, but of which it always fails in the attainment. In spiritual enjoyment alone, we do not deny the supremacy of music, it being the only true expression of the soul; and when we rank it below painting, it is only as far as regards the combined intellectual effort made by each of the two arts.†

When the Creator casts a film over the eyes of the blind, and shuts out from their cognisance all the glories of the outward world, he, in almost every instance, makes them extremely sensitive to the impressions of sound. Being debarred from all communication with the objects of sense, except by a tangible medium, there arises within the mind of the blind, a framework of thought, more nearly allied to tone than to color, because the former has an avenue to the soul, while the latter has not. Hence they can call up forms of musical thought, which it is impossible for us to do, since the tangible world before us engrosses our minds so ex-

\* Die Schöne Kunst der Töne, oder hentige Musikkunst, zur Orientirung über ihr gesamtes innexes und äusseres Wesen.

† The Fine Art of Tone, or Contemporary Musical Science, viewed in its internal and external relations, by G. Schilling. 1847.

† The point concisely laid down, would be that, although tone may give a higher interpretation to spiritual emotion, yet the whole intellectual exertion made by the mind through the visual sense and color is a higher one than that to which hearing and tone give rise.

clusively, that it is difficult for us to establish musical imagery within our imagination, which should have the same fulness of form it occupies in that of the blind.

Yet it is not given to the blind to enjoy in entire perfection the sphere of musical thought, or to occupy a world where the imagery is altogether that of tone; since every individual who enters blind into life, brings along with him, as an inheritance from his progenitors, certain perceptions which have their origin in the external and material world.

Hence we cannot concede even to the blind, the possession of a pure musical thought as unalloyed as that which we might suppose to exist in the mind of that mortal, whose visual organs were closed against all the operations of the corporeal world, and who, destitute of all those hereditary impressions they leave behind them, should enter the world of tone and live in it, undisturbed by any of the associations of material existence.

We have been led to these remarks from the circumstance that the author of the present work makes frequent reference to the various imagery, forms, and plastic creations of musical conception, as if they were subjects to be embraced by the eye. He would lead us to regard the variety of style in composition, and all the richness of musical invention, as corresponding with the visible creations of the other departments of poesy, and as having an imaginary plastic existence, akin to that which we see in painting, and conjure up in written poetry.

It is in this sense, therefore, that we can approach a realization of that mental condition of the blind, who are addicted to the pleasures of music.

To us, who look out into the visible creation and who mix up the concrete with any abstract substance that may suggest itself to us, coming from the world of tone, a musical plasticity is entirely unapproachable; but we might imagine that if a being could exist without the inheritance of outward impulses, the tones of musical feeling would create within him a species of imagery, which would always be floating uppermost in his imagination.

As in written and pictorial poesy, the strong contrasts of truth and fiction exist, the one exhibiting the visible drama of life, the other the ideal; the inquiry presents itself whether there can be any such characteristic in musical thought. The term, truth, is significantly applied to the works of musical art, wherein the depth of composition is a reflection of the intensity of spiritual emotion; and the expression, by indicating that the composition gives a real, and perhaps the only real, exhibition of those emotions, is, undoubtedly, an appropriate one.

But in music, where do we find the counterpart to the fiction of the other departments of poesy? We would suppose only in its alliance with fiction, in its dramatic and poetical forms. As belonging to the department of philosophical criticism, we find the mutual privilege assumed by the two sister arts of painting and music, of one borrowing its powers of description from the other. The mind is so compounded, and so interwoven are the mixed influences of the senses, that color has to be judged, weighed, and described by some of the laws and properties of tone; while the latter, in the nicer distinctions of musical criticism, such as our author presents to us, is subjected to a species of visual discrimination. These characteristics of critical

thought show us more nearly from what source this combined action emanates, and give us a clue to the nature and origin of the fraternity observable in the pictorial and musical arts.

We are told that in those instances where there exists in man a total deprivation of the faculties of hearing and seeing, the sense of touch becomes so exquisite, that all the varieties of texture in clothing can be distinguished by it; and were such individuals able to describe the emotions of touch, it would most probably be through the aid of that language which belongs to the province of taste or smell.

Thus it seems conclusive, that one sense is intended to interpret the other, which accounts also for the propensity observable in the cognoscenti in the arts, to blend the action of two or even more senses together, and subject to this menstruum the insoluble materials of artistic contemplation.

In receiving at the hands of philosophical criticism the results of nature, and of human action upon the artist himself, and thence the reflection upon the mind of the critic, there is a species of double refraction interposed between us and the external world. By the same analogy we receive through the same compound refraction, if we may be allowed the term, the primitive emotions of the soul, firstly through the general mind of musical composition, and thence through such sublimated criticism as that of Schilling. That the feelings and conceptions of the artist himself are entered into and absorbed by the critic, is not to be presumed; it forms no special aim of the latter; but the actual result seems rather to be a compound refraction of the influences of nature on the painter, and of the workings of the soul in the performances of the melodist.

It has frequently been suggested that the notes of nature, such as we are accustomed to hear in the effusions of the feathered race, may have given the first idea of vocal knowledge to man; but we agree with Schilling in saying that such could not have been the case. We will not intimate that in the animal race warbling is dictated by emotion, for the question of emotion in that part of creation is too spiritual a problem to allow a solution; but we know that in man, vocal music is a spontaneous effort, and only to be suppressed with the feeling which brings it forth. That spontaneous vocal melody, proceeding from the untaught heart of the living creature, is identified with the same gift in man, and that the feelings and emotions of the animated world are thereby represented, are ideas long since taken for granted by the poets; but when we come to probe the spiritual construction of all animal life, philosophy will not allow us to concede that in which poetry is so prone to indulge.

In man, thought has two grand impulses: the one from ratiocination, or intellect compounded; the other, from the heart. The latter is the starting point of all melodious conception; it springs up simultaneously with intellectual exercise, and receives from the latter all its diversity of form.

There is a great living heart in the animated Universe, whose ceaseless song tells of innate emotions existing there: but that the process should be the same as it is in man; uttering feelings, as man utters them; pouring forth joy as joy; praise as praise; are ideas which grace the pages of poetry, but which are too problematical to enter into the

scheme of a philosophy of nature. The first natural strains of social melody would, doubtless, be those that gush forth without coherency and design; but as the mind increased in complexity, so would the musical emotion fall gradually into system, form, and what we might term shape. Having once assumed a form, it could be used in tradition and handed down in the same manner as verbal and written narration; for the form being once fixed in the mind, would lay the foundation of a poesy which is inherent in every civilized people, and is inculcated from generation to generation.

The earlier periods of time, antecedent to the Christian era, have left but scanty memorials of written music; and that portion of its history which belongs to Greece and Rome and cotemporary nations has a retrospect, wherein the mind must rest upon meagre facts, mixed up with mere conjecture, and our author furnishes us no name to serve as a stepping-stone into musical history, until the appearance of St. Ambrosius, born A.D. 333. Modern music seems to trace its origin to the early Christian sects, whose spiritual awakenings received an embodiment in the form of Psalmody; and hence we find Ambrosius, in his office of Bishop, introducing the sacred hymns, and the Antiphony, or alternate chanting. To him, also, is attributed by some the *Te Deum Laudamus*, as well as hymns adopted by Luther and descended to our times. Many of the earliest improvements in the diatonic arrangements of melody are ascribed to Ambrosius, forming, as it were, the rude elements of our present system. These first suggestions were improved upon by St. Gregory the Great, who collected all previously written psalms and published the *Antiphonarius Cento*, which was prescribed to all the Christian sects as statutory, and from which they could not depart. The origin of the Gregorian church music, always in use by the Catholic Church, falls within this period, and is traced to St. Gregory. An interval in the annals of music succeeded Gregory, and we have no distinguished name upon which to alight, until that of Hucbald appears (a Flemish monk), born in the middle of the ninth century.

His improvements in the art related to the formation of the three consonances, the quart, quinte, and octave, and the introduction of the symphony, or the assemblage into one piece of numerous voices, differing from one another in tone, but exercised to an harmonious accord. From this sprang a system of musical sounds, to which he gave the term of *Organum*, one of the oldest definitions used in Symphony, or accordance in musical harmony.

(To be continued.)

#### THACKERAY IN AMERICA—HIS BOOKS, LECTURES AND THE MAN.

##### II.

THACKERAY, migrating from the cool latitude of Boston, goes to Philadelphia, and thence to the west and south, to thaw himself, and cheer his heart with the warm greeting his *avant courier*, Fame, has be-spoken for him.

The Dutch were wont to throw overboard four fifths of a Ceylon harvest, to enhance the remainder, that the happy few alone might luxuriate in the enjoyment of rare spice and aromatics. This is not our way of dealing with a choice commodity. If Jonathan has a cake, the whole family must come in



for a share of it. Thackeray must make up his mind to a universal appreciation, north and south, east and west. There is no escape in our gregarious republic from this law of universal distribution. Moreover, we will get all we can, our appetite is omnivorous, we will not spare a crumb.

Thackeray is in the wind, and American curiosity is on the scent. We, in our proper capacity, humble servitors of the public as we are, must beat the country and start the game. It is not enough that some happy mortals will hobnob and clink glasses with the great man, and that all will hear his talk and see him loom large, in the vista of our opera glasses. We want to know all about Thackeray—nothing less will satisfy our curiosity; his antecedents, his precedents, the past, the present, the now, the how and the when; and as for the rest, we will patiently leave that to the future.

As for the various lives of Thackeray that have been written and read, they are not half as true as the biography of Goody Two-Shoes, as our youngest, not out of petticoats, who swears by the latter, can vouch. The first trace we find of Thackeray's public walks, for of his private there is nothing authentic yet published, is his appearance in 1836, after a short term at the University of Cambridge "which he left without taking a degree," at the Louvre, copying pictures with the view of becoming an artist. But he turned from "their Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff," and took to the more congenial and Hogarthian vein of caricature. There were "more kicks than coppers" to be got in this school, and so there was an end to his mere artist life, and Thackeray took to literature as a profession, for which the world now gives him loud thanks, and which generations to come will continue in a prolonged echo. His first literary attempt was a weekly journal like our own, but which, unlike our own, was unsuccessful. Now he was all abroad in the literary world. Fraser soon secured him, and in his service Thackeray has done some of his best work, and achieved his first triumph. In that festive group of the Fraserians, sketched pictorially by the pencil of Crowquill, and published a decade ago in Fraser's Magazine, you can see across the table through a crowd of bottles, two at least to each man, somewhat in the distance, a round face, peering through an eye-glass, which, if you have ever seen Thackeray, you will pronounce at once to be his. He is on the right, in the picture, of Maginn, who is presiding, and mixing punch, or drawing a cork, or singing a song, or saying a witty thing, or doing some other conviviality, which we forget, for we are trusting to our memory.

To resume our figure, and as we have promised our readers a *battue*, let us beat the covers of old Fraser, the London Punch, Cruikshank's comic almanac, and other famous preserves. We will start manifold game, a fat buck or so, some wild fowl, some rather small birds perhaps, but we promise the hunters rare sport, and a delectable feast, and we wish them a good appetite.

Charles Yellowplush seems to have made his debut in Fraser's Magazine in 1837, in a characteristic review of one of those Chesterfieldian books on polite conversation which appear from time to time, and to which, by the way, as with the books on cookery, a considerable deal of nonsense is reasonably

to be allowed. This was entitled "My Book; or, the Anatomy of Conduct," and had more than the usual share of nonsense. It was an easy prey to Yellowplush, who next year in his papers entered on graver matters, in the tragic history of Mr. Deuceace, which still remains one of the most powerful of his characters.

In 1839 he published in Fraser *Catherine, a Story by Ikey Solomons, Esq., Jr.*—a second alias of the anonymous author. It was illustrated with etchings. It was a well directed and strongly expressed satire. All the characters were rogues or worse—of the Paul Clifford, Rookwood, and Oliver Twist stamp. It was a *reductio ad absurdum* of the Newgate Calendar school of novel writing. The fashion has become extinct, and the satire now would probably shock without improvement, by its necessary coarseness.

In the same year we find Mr. Thackeray the correspondent of a paper in this city, the *Cor-sair*, then conducted by Willis and Porter. His communications are entitled *Letters from London, Paris, Pekin, Petersburg, &c.*

*Stubbs's Calendar; or, the Fatal Boots*, a comic diversion, ran through Cruikshank's Comic Almanac, 1839, in twelve chapters for the months, illustrated by that artist. It has since been printed by the author in another form.

*Barber Cox and the Cutting of his Comb* ran through Cruikshank for 1840. It has the *sui generis* character of Thackeray, is a story of a parvenu who gets no mercy at the hands of the author, but is first laughingly tickled into importance, and then as mercilessly collapsed, as the boys treat a certain fish which they titillate until it swells enormously, and then cruelly burst with a crack.

The *Paris Sketch-Book*, by Michael Angelo Titmarsh, appeared in two volumes in London, in 1840. Many of its papers had been issued in Fraser. One of them, entitled "Napoleon and his system" is a review of Prince Louis Napoleon's work, the *Idées Napoléoniennes*. It closes with the remarkable sentence, which is, for such things, quite a prophecy—"In like manner Napoleon III. returned from exile, and made his appearance on the frontier. His eagle appeared at Strasburg, and from Strasburg advanced to the capital; but it arrived at Paris with a keeper, and in a post-chaise; whence, by the orders of the sovereign, it was removed to the American shores, and there magnanimously let loose. *Who knows, however, how soon it may be on the wing again, and what a flight it will take?*" The *Paris Sketch-Book* has also, in those profound "Meditations at Versailles," a satiric picture of majesty in undress, which Thackeray has often repeated in the course of his books, the lay figure being indifferently Louis XIV. or George IV. Everybody remembers the picture of the Snob Royal, Georgius IV. It has appeared in our columns, and was at another time written by our author in the form of an epitaph. Here it is in the latter dress—one of a series of pithy mottoes for the Parliament House statues of the Georges. It is from *Punch*:

"GEORGIUS ULTIMUS.

"He left an example for age and for youth  
To avoid.  
He never acted well by Man or Woman,  
And was as false to his Mistress as to his Wife.  
He deserted his Friends and his Principles;  
He was so ignorant that he could scarcely Spell;  
But he had some Skill in Cutting out Coats,  
And an undeniable Taste for Cookery.  
He built the Palace of Brighton and of Buckingham,  
And for these Qualities and Proofs of Genius,

An admiring Aristocracy  
Christened him the 'First Gentleman in Europe.'  
Friends, respect the KING whose Statue is here,  
And the generous Aristocracy who admired him."

A *Shabby Genteel Story* appeared in Fraser in 1840.

In 1841 two volumes of *Comic Tales and Sketches* were published, which contained the Yellowplush Papers and several short tales, *The Bedford Row Conspiracy*, the *Professor*, and *Some Passages in the Life of Major Gahagan*. The last has just been republished by the Appletons, and is full of boisterous fun. The military novelists, horse, foot, and dragoons, with drum, fife, and colors flying, are paraded before us in this satire in all the splendor of amusing absurdity. Baron Munchausen is a truth-teller in comparison with Gahagan, and common Irish bulls are sucking calves to those of the gallant major.

Thackeray was very busy in Fraser in these times. In 1841 he published there *The History of Samuel Titmarsh and the Great Hoggarty Diamond*, edited and illustrated by Sam's Cousin, Michael Angelo. This has been since separately published by the author in London, in a neat little volume.

In 1841 Thackeray described, from Paris, *The Second Funeral of Napoleon*, in Three Letters to Miss Smith, of London, and the *Chronicle of the Drum*. The first is a fine piece of descriptive writing, and the *Chronicle* is a ballad which occasionally catches a flavor from the writer's favorite, Beranger, of whom, by the way, in the *Paris Sketch-Book* and elsewhere, he has given us several really choice translations and transfers, with something of the feeling of the original. The *Chronicle* thus opens:—

"At Paris, hard by the Maine barriers,  
Whoever will choose to repair,  
'Midst a dozen of wooden-legged warriors,  
May haply fall in with old Pierre.  
On the sunshiny bench of a tavern,  
He sits, and he prates of old wars;  
And moistens his pipe of tobacco  
With a drink that is named after Mars."

This old soldier gives his reminiscences, and the narration concludes with a tender burst of reflection on the part of the author—the moral of the day:—

"Ah, gentle, tender lady mine,  
The winter wind blows cold and shrill,  
Come, fill me one more glass of wine,  
And give the silly fools their will."

"And what care we for war and wrack,  
How kings and heroes rise and fall?  
Look yonder, in his coffin black,  
There lies the greatest of them all!"

"To pluck him down, and keep him up,  
Died many million human souls:  
'Tis twelve o'clock, and time to sup,  
Bid Mary heap the fire with coals."

"He captured many thousand guns;  
He wrote 'The Great' before his name;  
And dying, only left his sons  
The recollection of his shame."

"Though more than half the world was his,  
He died without a rood his own;  
And borrowed from his enemies,  
Six foot of ground to lie upon."

"He fought a thousand glorious wars,  
And more than half the world was his,  
And, somewhere, now, in yonder stars,  
Can tell, mayhap, what greatness is."

In 1842 Fraser contained the *Confessions of Fitzboodle*, followed by the series of *Men's Wives*.

The *Irish Sketch Book*, by Michael Angelo Titmarsh, London, 1843, which the curious may consult if they wish to enjoy a pleasant *compagnon du voyage*, and to know what kind of a traveller Thackeray is, and are impatient to learn how satisfactorily he can serve up a country, or what America may expect in its turn. There is satire you may be sure, and humor too, and "philosophy in sport." The sore parts of Ireland are scarified, and Irish irritability is set a-smarting, and Pat has a bone to pick with Thackeray, over which Pat will grumble for some time to come. Our author's *Irish Sketch Book* has got him some rough blows in return, from those who know how to handle a shillalah, and can break heads and bruise bones with the giant Michael Angelo himself. But of this, more anon.

The *Luck of Barry Lyndon; a Romance of the last Century*, was a production in Fraser in 1844. This was the most complete work, to this date, that Thackeray had written. It is the narrative of the adventures of a sort of Irish Gil Blas, and it has, too, apart from its burlesque passages, something of the characteristics of De Foe's Colonel Jack. The Appletons give us Barry Lyndon, in two fresh volumes of their Popular Library. The work has satire, as what production of Thackeray's has not, which comes down upon us sometimes in the heavy blows of invective. Its military sketches of a private's life, in the time of the great Frederick, are drawn with great spirit and freedom, and the sunny humor is occasionally overcast with a thunder-cloud, which breaks in a clap like this:—

"I saw no one of higher rank that day than my colonel and a couple of orderly officers riding by in the smoke—no one on our side, that is. A poor corporal (as I then had the disgrace of being) is not generally invited into the company of commanders and the great; but, in revenge, I saw, I promise you, some very good company on the French part, for their regiments of Lorraine and Royal Cravate were charging us all day; and in that sort of *mêlée* high and low are pretty equally received. I hate bragging, but I cannot help saying that I made a very close acquaintance with the colonel of the Cravates, for I drove my bayonet into his body, and finished off a poor little ensign, so young, slender, and small, that a blow from my pig-tail would have despatched him, I think, in place of the butt of my musket, with which I clubbed him down. I killed, besides, four more officers and men, and in the poor ensign's pocket found a purse of fourteen louis-d'or, and a silver box of sugar-plums, of which the former present was very agreeable to me. If people would tell their stories of battles in this simple way, I think the cause of truth would not suffer by it. All I know of this famous fight of Minden (except from books) is told here above. The ensign's silver *bon-bon* box and his purse of gold; the livid face of the poor fellow as he fell; the huzzas of the men of my company as I went out under a smart fire, and rifled him; their shouts and curses as we came hand in hand with the Frenchmen,—these are, in truth, not very dignified recollections, and had best be passed over briefly. When my kind friend Fagan was shot, a brother captain, and his very good friend, turned to Lieutenant Rawson, and said, 'Fagan's down; Rawson, there's your company.' It was all the epitaph my brave patron got. 'I should have left you a hundred guineas, Redmond,' were his last words to me, 'but for a cursed run of ill-luck last night at faro;' and he gave me a faint squeeze of the hand; and, as the word was given to advance, I left him. When we came back to our old ground, which we presently did,

he was lying there still, but he was dead. Some of our people had already torn off his epaulets, and, no doubt, had rifled his purse. Such knaves and ruffians do men in war become! It is well for gentlemen to talk of the age of chivalry; but remember the starving brutes whom they lead—men nursed in poverty, entirely ignorant, made to take a pride in deeds of blood—men who can have no amusement but in drunkenness, debauch, and plunder. It is with these shocking instruments that your great warriors and kings have been doing their murderous work in the world; and while, for instance, we are at the present moment admiring the 'Great Frederick,' as we call him, and his philosophy, and his liberality, and his military genius, I, who have served him, and been, as it were, behind the scenes of which that great spectacle is composed, can only look at it with horror. What a number of items of human crime, misery, slavery, to form that sum-total of glory! I can recollect a certain day, about three weeks after the battle of Minden, and a farm-house in which some of us entered; and how the old woman and her daughters served us, trembling, to wine; and how we got drunk over the wine, and the house was in a flame presently; and woe betide the wretched fellow afterwards who came home to look for his house and his children!"

Among the characters of the book, we commend to the enjoyment of our readers that of a German polyglot, who knows everything, from the Arabic to tight-rope dancing. A concluding page of Barry Lyndon lets us into the secret of the moral of Thackeray's books:—

"If the tale of his life have any moral (which I sometimes doubt), it is that honesty is *not* the best policy. That was a pettifogger's maxim, who half admits he would be a rogue if he found his profit in it, and has led astray scores of misguided people both in novels and the world, who forthwith set up the worldly prosperity or adversity of a man as standards by which his worth should be tried. Novelists especially make a most profuse, mean use of this pedlar's measure, and mete out what they call poetical justice.

"Justice, forsooth! Does human life exhibit justice after this fashion? Is it the good always who ride in gold coaches, and the wicked who go to the workhouse? Is a humbug never preferred before a capable man? Does the world always reward merit, never worship cant, never raise mediocrity to distinction? never crowd to hear a donkey braying from a pulpit, nor ever buy the tenth edition of a fool's book? Sometimes the contrary occurs, so that fools and wise, bad men and good, are more or less lucky in their turn, and honesty is 'the best policy,' or not, as the case may be.

"If this be true of the world, those persons who find their pleasure or get their livelihood by describing its manners and the people who live in it, are bound surely to represent to the best of their power life as it really appears to them to be; not to foist off upon the public figures pretending to be delineations of human nature,—gay and agreeable cut-throats, otto-of-rose murderers, amiable hackney-coachmen, Prince Rodolphs, and the like, being representatives of beings that never have or could have existed. At least, if not bounden to copy nature, they are justified in trying; and hence in describing not only what is beautiful, but what is ill-favored too, faithfully, so that each may appear as like as possible to nature. It is as right to look at a beauty as at a hunchback; and, if to look, to describe too: nor can the most prodigious genius improve upon the original. Who knows, then, but the old style of Molière and Fielding, who drew from nature, may come into fashion again, and replace the terrible, the humorous, always the genteel impossible now in

vogue? Then, with the sham characters, the sham *moral* may disappear. The one is a sickly humbug as well as the other. I believe for my part Hogarth's pictures of 'Marriage à la Mode' in Trafalgar Square, to be more moral and more beautiful than West's biggest heroic piece, or Angelica Kaufmann's most elegant allegory!"

In 1844, *The Fat Contributor* is one of the earliest introductions, we believe, of Thackeray to the public in *Punch*; *Jeames's Diary*, a hit at the railway mania of 1845; the series of papers, *The Snobs of England*, by one of themselves; *The Proser*, by Don Pacifico; *Mr. Brown's Letters to a Young Man about Town, on Love, Marriage, Men, and Women*; *The Prize Novelists*, a series of capital burlesques of D'Israeli, Bulwer, Lever, James, &c., quite equal in spirit and effect to Horace and James Smith's *Rejected Addresses*; another descriptive and sketchy group of articles, *Travels in London*, with a variety of Miscellanies on France, Ireland, and other questions of the day—these for six years identified the pen and pencil of Thackeray with the laughter-inciting, truth-asserting, humanity-defending pages of *Punch*.\*

*A Journey from Cornhill to Cairo*, appeared in London in the year 1845, of which Fraser says in a gossiping article, "a delightful compound of mirth and melancholy, an *agro dolce* of sagacity and fun, never lagging for one moment, yielding to no adverse influence of time or place, land or sea, finding utterance at every emergency for some pleasant sally in a continued series, beginning off the Needles of the Isle of Wight, and ending with that of Cleopatra."

*Mrs. Perkins's Ball*, with capital illustrations, was the first of a set of Christmas Books which for several seasons illuminated the holidays. It appeared in 1847. Then came *Our Street*, a similar picture of the middle class of London society, *Rebecca and Rowena*, a continuation of *Ivanhoe*, *Dr. Birch and his Young Friends*, a sketch of the school-day times. *The Kickleburys on the Rhine* was a production of a larger growth.

*Sketches after English Landscape Painters*, by L. Marvy, with short notices by W. M. Thackeray, was published, an elegant work in 4to., by Bogue, a year or two since. The letter-press is a model of neatness and delicate artistic perception.

*Vanity Fair*, a novel without a Hero, was published complete in 1848, and *Pendennis* in 1849 and 1850. *The History of Henry Esmond* completes the trio of the author's more elaborate works.

#### ORMUZD AND AHRIMAN.†

ORMUZD and Ahriman, the embodiments of good and evil principles with the Persians, typify, in the present case, the conflict of liberty and despotism. It is a far-fetched title, out of character with an historical work, for history is a matter of truth and record, and has no time to spend over the fancies or to intrude into the domain of her sister poesy.

The work is a history of modern Europe in the nineteenth century, commencing with the Congress of Vienna and ending with the coup d'état of Louis Napoleon. The first section is devoted to the Congress of Vienna and the self-styled Holy Alliance. Subse-

\* A collection of these papers in *Punch*, made by the author himself, will appear immediately in several volumes from the press of the Appletons.

† The War of Ormuzd and Ahriman in the Nineteenth Century, by Henry Winter Davis. Baltimore: James S. Waters.



quent sections follow the high contracting powers to their dominions, and give us in detail an account of the political agitations and revolutions of Germany, Spain, Naples, Poland, Hungary, and France, and also of the growth in gigantic power and proportion of Russia. The author's sympathies are all with the people, which is well; but he should remember that they too have their faults, and have but too plainly exhibited them in the time of trial, as well as the potentates on whom he bears with an unsparing hand. The narrative portion is excellent, conveying information, especially in the case of the history of Spanish troubles, which is difficult to be obtained elsewhere in a clear and connected form. When the author passes from facts to speculation and vaticination, his animation is apt to run away with his judgment. The work closes with a consideration of the duty of America to Europe, an animated plea in favor of the doctrine of intervention. Its concluding passage will show the impetus with which the author's pen moves.

## AMERICA IN EUROPE.

"God does not mark the future on the face of the heavens or of the earth. The sun will not be veiled in blackness nor will the moon be turned to blood that we may be warned of the coming desolation. The day of our death is in no wise different from the day of our birth. The heavens do not frown when the earth is stained with crime, nor are they illumined with unusual splendor when liberty and virtue are triumphant. The flood rushed over an astonished world, invading the nuptial couch and the festive board. The amphitheatre resounded with the gladiator's groan and the wild beast's yell while the Lord of Peace lay meekly in the manger. The great convulsion of modern times broke—like the trump of the final day—on the ear of the thoughtless revellers: and the earthquake which lately covered Europe with ruins came unheralded save by the preternatural calm. One moment the waters were as glass—the next all foam and fury, kings' hearts failing them for fear, and the fountains of the great deep broken up to overwhelm them.

"No man can say what a day may bring forth. No man is a safe counsellor in the affairs of this Republic who is willing to trust its fate to the treacherous and shifting chances of the morrow. Let us be as they who watch for the morning.

"Whenever the trumpet shall sound for that judgment day, I look to see the stars and stripes of the Republic—the tri-color of the west—streaming in matchless splendor over the banners of freedom. Her youthful maturity has waxed strong by the blessings of freedom—till now her power surpasses that of France when she followed Napoleon to Moscow. Her children bless with grateful voices the God of their fathers who gave them liberty to enjoy, to protect, to transmit, and to spread. They hail the day which summons them to the field, and cheerfully recognise the duty they owe to the world they have roused. By their example has Europe been waked out of sleep; at their voice have her sons grasped the sword and died the death of the free; on them has God conferred the precious guardianship of the sacred fire; and on them, as on the priests of a holy religion, rests the high duty of its propagation. They have lured man from the quiet and safe repose in patriarchal despotism to the knowledge of his high destiny, and inspired him with the resolution to enjoy its precious fruits. On them rests the great privilege of succoring their offspring in the day of its need; of adding the power of arms to the resistless power of their example: of proving that the magnanimous spirit of liberty is equal to its pacific blessings; of main-

taining in the face of fiercest despots the rights of mankind. Rather let the pillars of the Republic shake to their foundations, and her lofty battlements be overwhelmed bearing with them the last hope of Liberty on earth, than that she should falter in the terrible hour, or swerve from the bloodiest path she may be called to tread. Let her sun set—if it so please God—not the pale shadow of its early splendor, dimly shining through a long and languid twilight, accompanied to its rest by the requiem of the night-birds that succeed to its realm—not thus be thy fall, O my Country!—but rather let her sun shining in meridian splendor, blazing at the zenith in its high calling, suddenly, in the twinkling of an eye—when the world may no more be free—plunge in midday to endless night.

"So shall men, remembering thy greatness, say that thy fall was worthy of thy glory!"

## GEMS OF GERMAN VERSE.\*

THIS volume contains the noble Song of the Bell of Schiller, admirably rendered, with strict conformity to the varying metre, by Mr. Furness, who also contributes another to the many versions of Uhland's Minstrel's Curse. Mr. Hedge contributes several favorite poems from Goethe, Schiller, and Körner, including the Angels' Chorus, from Faust, and Lützow's Wild Hunt. Mr. Frothingham furnishes versions of the striking Midnight Review of Zedlitz, and the beautiful Last Poet of Anastasius Gruen.

We are always glad to welcome a volume of translated poetry. The labor of translation is not duly appreciated. We fancy that in some instances as much labor may have been expended on a version as on the original work, and that too where the translator was the intellectual equal of the original author. The translator of a fine poem has not only to satisfy himself as to his own ideal of what his work should be, but also his ideal of his author. His admiration of his original must be satisfied, as well as his own idea of duty.

It is a pleasant thing to read a well executed translation of a poem with which we have long been familiar in its original tongue. The feeling is akin to that with which we welcome a foreign friend to our own shore. We are glad that others will re-echo the praises we have so often bestowed, that the good qualities we have admired are to be more widely known, the genius to be more universally appreciated. There is, too, with this the feeling of sympathy with the stranger in the foreign land; we take the book in our grasp as we should the author's hand if presented to us, with a feeling of warm hospitality.

All the contributors to this dainty volume are well known as choice workers in this dainty field. Many a foreign exotic, blooming vigorously in our popular collections of poetry, do we owe to their transplanting care and skill. The poems they now offer us are fully equal to any they have before favored us with, and some of them, we think, now first appear in an English dress; one of these we quote:

## THE LAST POET.

FROM ANASTASIUS GRUEN.

[THE COUNT VON AUERSPERG.]

"WHEN will you bards be weary  
Of rhyming on? How long  
Ere it is sung and ended,  
The old eternal song!"

\* Gems of German Verse. Edited by W. H. Furness. Philadelphia: Willis P. Hazard.

"Is it not, long since, empty—  
The horn of full supply;  
And all the posies gathered  
And all the fountains dry?"

"As long as the Sun's Chariot  
Yet keeps its azure track,  
And but one human visage  
Gives answering glances back;

"As long as skies shall nourish  
The thunderbolt and gale,  
And frightened at their fury  
One throbbing heart shall quail;

"As long as after tempest,  
Shall spring one showery bow,  
One breast with peaceful promise  
Of reconciliation glow;

"As long as night the concave  
Sows with its starry seed,  
And but one man those letters  
Of golden writ can read;

"Long as a moonbeam glimmers,  
Or bosom sighs a vow,  
Long as the wood-leaves rustle  
To cool a weary brow;

"As long as roses blossom,  
And earth is green in May;  
As long as eyes shall sparkle  
And smile in pleasure's ray;

"As long as cypress shadows  
The graves more mournful make,  
Or one cheek's wet with weeping,  
Or one poor heart can break;

"So long on earth shall wander  
The goddess Poesy,  
And with her one exulting  
Her votarist to be.

"And singing on, triumphing,  
The old earth-mansion through,  
Out marches the last minstrel,—  
He is the last man too.

"The Lord holds the Creation  
Forth in his hand, meanwhile,  
Like a fresh flower just opened,  
And views it with a smile.

"When once this Flower-Giant  
Begins to show decay,  
And Earths and Suns are flying  
Like blossom-dust away;

"Then ask—if of the question  
Not weary yet—how long  
Ere it is sung and ended  
The old eternal song.

N. L. FROTHINGHAM."

The Song of the Bell is illustrated by a selection from the beautiful designs of Retzsch, excellently reduced in size from the original plates.

## LITERATURE, BOOKS OF THE WEEK, ETC.

THE *North American Review* enters upon the new year with a new, cleanly cut type, and slightly altered page—in a number of accustomed solidity and merit. The life of Niebuhr, Sir William Hamilton on University Reform, the relations of the Common Law of England with the Church, Farini's Roman State, are among the leading topics. We have also a very readable paper appreciative of Frere's metrical translations of Aristophanes, a complimentary discussion of Mr. Herbert's Captains of the Old World, some suggestive remarks on novel writing, appropos to the Wide Wide World and Queechy, with a tribute to the American tone of the author, and a happily expressed article on Nathaniel Hawthorne. A good point is made in the philosophical truth of

Hawthorne's writings rather than their fidelity to local history. His world is within, and his stories are true to passion and emotion, if not to facts and places. Thus the reviewer finds fault with the defamation of the fathers of New England in the *Scarlet Letter*, in some of the author's adjuncts of description, but his picture is as true of the human nature of those people as of those of the present day. The reviewer, looking at the usual materials, and still more the etiquette of history, objects; looking at what must have been in the breasts of those people, we applaud. All that is said of Hawthorne in the *Review* is exceedingly well said, and carries us back to the spirit and felicity of Longfellow's article, in the same work, now some fifteen years since, when the *Twice-Told Tales* were first published.

TICKNOR & Co., of Boston, have republished the *Voices from the Mountains and from the Crowd*, by Charles Mackay, a versifier of great spirit, though as a poet, of a didactic, prosaic order. His poems are clever leading articles turned into verse. Several of them might as well have been expressed at once in that way, as "Retraction and Repentance for having called Louis Philippe an Honest Man," "King Smith" (a fact in the same monarch's exile), "To a Friend Afraid of Critics, &c." They are fluent, rhetorical, hortatory—a large class of them sufficiently indicated by the lines, often published in the newspapers,

There's a good time coming, boys,  
A good time coming, &c.

When fancy is particularly invoked we have something of the letter of Keats or Tennyson, without their subtle spirit of delicacy—for example, in the *Nine Bathers*, which lacks the refinement and poetic luxury of such a theme.

'I would like to bathe in milk,'  
Said little Agnes, fresh and fair,  
With her taper fingers smooth as silk,  
Her cherry cheeks, and nut-brown hair—  
'In a bath of ivory, filled to the brim,  
I would love to lie and swim,  
And float like a strawberry plucked at dawn  
In the lily-white waves of milk new drawn.'

Sadly wanting in the imaginative atmosphere. Ellen Evelina is a Tennysonian title, and twangs horribly our poetic nerves.

The newspaper poems on social topics are often quite effective; one of them has an air of quaintness and remoteness which adds greatly to its influence on the feelings.

#### CLEON AND I.

CLEON hath a million acres,  
Ne'er a one have I;  
Cleon dwelleth in a palace,  
In a cottage I;  
Cleon hath a dozen fortunes,  
Not a penny I;  
Yet the poorer of the twain is  
Cleon, and not I.

Cleon, true, possesseth acres,  
But the landscape I;  
Half the charms to me it yieldeth  
Money cannot buy;  
Cleon harbors sloth and dullness,  
Freshening vigor I;  
He in velvet, I in fustian,  
Richer man am I.

Cleon is a slave to grandeur,  
Free as thought am I;  
Cleon fees a dozen doctors,  
Need of none have I;  
Health-surrounded, care-environed,  
Cleon fears to die;  
Death may come, he'll find me ready,  
Happier man am I.

Cleon sees no charms in Nature,  
In a daisy I;  
Cleon hears no anthems ringing  
In the sea and sky;

Nature sings to me for ever,  
Earnest listener I;  
State for state, with all attendants,  
Who would change?—Not I.

A NEAT and companionable volume is *Shakespeare's Laconics*, a collection of pithy sentences from the dramatist, which appear quite fresh and suggestive in the dress given to them by the publishers, Messrs. Henderson & Co., Philadelphia.

*The Illustrated Magazine of Art* is a new applicant for public favor. It is a royal octavo of sixty pages, monthly, published by Alexander Montgomery of Spruce street, and is one of the best popular adaptations of the arts of design which has yet sprung up. The wood engravings are numerous and finely discriminated. A frontispiece of the New House of Commons is of a remarkable delicacy. A portrait of Oliver Goldsmith, and the scene of Dr. Johnson reading the MS. of the Vicar of Wakefield, with the landlady and bailiff in waiting, are quite effective; while the series of Retzsch's illustrations of Schiller's Pegasus in Harness, gives a rare poetic flavor to the number, which contains, in addition to what we have enumerated, a variety of engravings of the mechanic arts, and such topics of the day as the funeral of Wellington. The reading matter is well prepared and of general interest. It is an English publication reissued in this country.

*Memoir of Mary L. Ware, wife of Henry Ware, Jr.*, by Edward B. Hall. (Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co.) The life of the lady to whom this book is devoted, was one unmarked by striking vicissitudes of fortune or unusual departure from the ordinary routine of the earthly career of her sex. The record is yet one of great interest, which will be read with pleasure and profit from beginning to end. The secret of this is in its naturalness; the key-note is struck on the simply worded title, Mary L. Ware, wife of Henry Ware, Jr.; the biographer seeks no higher fame for his heroine than she sought for herself—that of fulfilling the duties of an earnest woman, as she successively passed through the various stages of maiden, wife, mother, and widow, in all benefiting those around her. The example is the more likely to benefit as well as interest, because it is one with which all can sympathize, and all, if they seek the same divine aid, can emulate.

The biographer has executed his task with great taste and judgment, letting the excellence of the woman he commemorates speak for itself in her letters, which are admirable, and her deeds; without accompanying these, as is sometimes the case in works of the present class, by an unrelenting strain of eulogy, distasteful alike to the serious and the careless reader, and which has weakened the effect on the world of many a bright example of goodness.

*The Land of the Caesar and the Doge—Historical and Artistic: Incidental, Personal, and Literary*, by William Furness. (Cornish, Lamport & Co.) There is a broad sweep in this well worded title page, which is hardly borne out by the volume it precedes. Italy is such a well beaten ground, known by personal experience to so large a number of the book-buying class, that a record of ordinary travelling adventures and reflections requires some very decided adjuncts of felicity of style, humor, or sentiment, to attract at-

tention. The author seems to have been aware of the necessity of novelty as well, for he has divided his book into sections of a page or so in length, after the fashion of Lamartine in his histories. The experiment is not a successful one, as, the narrative being continuous, the breaks, which might be made between every sentence as well, needlessly disturb the reader's attention.

*Bianca: a Tale of Erin and Italy*, by Edward Maturin, Esq., author of "Montezuma," "Eva," etc. (Harper & Brothers.) A story of decided interest in the narrative, glowing and earnest in style, varied in event, and colored throughout with the lights and shades of a highly poetic temperament. Mr. Maturin is already known to the public as a successful novelist, and this new work will add not a little to his established reputation. It exhibits throughout the peculiar talent of a romance; carrying the reader forward with spirit and power to an emphatic *dénouement*; and it is of such excellence as will prompt the reading public to hope to hear from the author again.

MESSRS. Stringer & Townsend are publishing a cheap edition of the novels of Fielding and Smollett, in numbers. This is, we believe, the only popular edition of these great classics at present before the public. They are convenient in size, in clear, legible type, and have the happy benefit of illustrations by the inimitable Cruikshank. The attention of readers has been lately called to these works so emphatically, that this edition cannot fail to be in demand. The last issue of the series is "Humphrey Clinker."

#### Odds and Ends.

CONTRIBUTED TO THE LITERARY WORLD BY AN  
OBSOLETE AUTHOR.

NO. V.

#### TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.

AN ALLEGORY OF THE DAY.

Truth and Falsehood were born at the same time, though not at the same birth. The precise year is not known, though it is believed to have been some time in the reign of King Jupiter, the first of the name. Though entirely of opposite habits, tempers, and physical qualities, they associated much together, and it was seldom they were seen out of sight of each other. Falsehood was a light fantastic being, with a great pair of wings, and could fly like a bird; but Truth was a heavy, slow-motioned dame, lame of one leg, and lived at the bottom of an old dry well, whence she sometimes emerged to correct the tales of Falsehood. But she was always so long about it that the business was generally done before she made her appearance.

Truth at length became tired of her well, and one day proposed to Falsehood to make the tour of the world together. Falsehood was delighted with the idea; for the fact is, he began to be pretty notorious at home, and none but children or very ignorant people would believe him even when he spoke the truth. Accordingly they sallied forth one fine Spring morning, but soon found it impossible to keep together. Truth limped along at a snail's pace, while her companion ever and anon spread his wings and was out of sight in a moment. She, however, managed to follow on at a distance and always overtake him, as he was rather short-winded



and often stopped to rest himself. On these occasions she generally found that he had set all the old women in commotion by telling them horrible stories of witchcraft, murders, earthquakes, tornadoes, and all sorts of calamities. Truth set about correcting these; but long before this could be done her comrade was off again propagating his wonders. She was almost fagged to death in endeavoring to overtake him, and every day found herself further behind than she was the day before.

But what mortified her most was the obstinacy and ingratitude of the people, who, when she had corrected the tales of Falsehood, would either not believe, or did not thank her for her pains. She often found that mankind delighted in being deceived, and was one day scolded almost to death by an old lady for proving to her that a story of Spiritual Knockings, which had kept her awake for a fortnight and almost turned her brain, was only an invention of her mischievous companion.

On another occasion, Falsehood had conjured up a story for the exclusive benefit of a trading politician, a class of men with whom he delighted to associate beyond all others, with the exception of professors of Mesmerism and Spiritual Knockings. It seems it was just on the eve of an election, and the trading politician was a desperate candidate for the post of assistant alderman. His whole soul was absorbed by a noble constituency, administering to the welfare of his fellow-citizens, and at the same time filling his own pockets, which he called killing two birds with one stone. People ignorant of the most common things may wonder how this can be done; but they have only to investigate the proceedings of city common councils generally to be fully enlightened on the subject. Be it as it may, Falsehood, in order to serve his friend, seriously assured the good people that if they chose his friend for assistant alderman he would enrich every mother's son of them, by carrying through certain great improvements in the city that would cost little or nothing, and be worth millions. Things were going on prosperously, and bets of five to one were offered in favor of the candidate, when, unluckily for him, Truth came hobbling up almost out of breath, and by a plain statement proved that these improvements were impracticable, and if practicable would not be worth one half the money they cost. What was still more provoking, she proved that the money would all come out of their own pockets. The assistant alderman in prospective suffered a "Waterloo defeat,"—as the newspapers say when hard pushed for a metaphor. But he had his revenge, for by his influence with the Police justice he got her lodged in the Penitentiary for a vagrant, where she might have remained, nobody knows how long, had not the inmates turned her out neck and heels, as unworthy of their society.

On another occasion Truth came to a pleasant rural village, which she found in a state of most agreeable excitement in consequence of a story circulated by Falsehood, of a horrible murder, accompanied by circumstances of most revolting atrocity. Nobody worked that day; every soul was gathered round the village hotel, and the landlord, who was not only a Temperance man and a Deacon of the church, but a Select-man and a justice of the peace, was coining sixpences at a prodigious rate for the benefit of their health. After

great pains and perseverance in setting them right by assuring them she had met the murdered man, his wife, and children, alive and well, two days after the crime was said to have been committed, she was just about being mobbed, when the whole murdered family appeared, and she was thus rescued by almost a miracle. The Deacon, however, charged an enormous bill for having occupied his piazza some half hour in making a speech, and then turned her out of doors.

The poor lady began to be quite discouraged, and at one time thought of returning to the old well again, but at length determined to make one more effort in her vocation. Passing a handsome house by the roadside, she heard weeping and wailing within, and being of a compassionate disposition, though she always spoke what she thought, which often gave pain to others, she knocked at the door and entered. Here she beheld an aged, grey-headed man, who seemed suffering under the extremity of sorrow. On inquiring, she found that her old comrade had as usual been beforehand with her, and persuaded the good man that the world was certainly coming to an end in exactly one week from that time. He quoted Scripture to prove it, and the good old patriarch believed it most devoutly. Truth set about curing him of this delusion. She showed that the Scriptures said nothing definite on the subject, and that he might as well presume to predict the hour of his own death as to prescribe the duration of any other work of the Creator. The old man was at length convinced that his fears were unfounded, but instead of thanking her, fell into a great passion. "Why did you not tell me this before?" cried he, shaking his stick at her—"It's a fine time to come limping along a day after the fair. It is only yesterday that, in order to make my peace with heaven and prepare for death, I made over all my property to the rascal who persuaded me the world was just coming to an end. Since you did not come sooner you'd better not have come at all. Begone, and never let me see your ugly face again." Saying this, he drove her out of doors.

Despairingly she turned her steps towards home, and sought her dry well again, while Falsehood made the tour of the world by himself alone.

#### CRUELTY OF THE SPIRIT-RAPPING EXHIBITIONS.

A MELANCHOLY result of the species of tomfoolery known as the communications with spirits, spiritual knocking, and other branches of mental craft or imbecility, occurred in this city last week, in the suicide of a respectable printer, who, it appears from the evidence before a coroner's jury, was fairly driven out of the world by the quackeries and pretensions of the "manifestations." It appears, on the testimony of his wife, that he had been in the habit of attending certain "spiritual circles," held in the upper portions of the city, and presided over in each case by married women. Some of the ordinary effects of mesmerism were produced on weak subjects. The operator called herself "a medium," and said the spirits "manifested themselves through her," and the unfortunate printer was put in training by a prescription of Mrs. Clackley and Mrs. Riker—"that he should sit still for one hour, at his own house, every night, and this would prepare him to become a seeing medium." He adopted this melancholy piece of nonsense,

and continued it till he became a subject of delirium, and put a violent end to his own life. Some ten months ago he had lost a child, by whose death he was a great deal affected; the "spiritual people" told him that if he became a medium he could see his child, and he was juggled into the belief of it. He read the *Spiritual Telegraph* and the *Mountain Cove Journal*, but nothing is said in the testimony of the *New York Tribune*.

The coroner's jury, in their verdict, found "that the deceased, Martin Langdon, came to his death from exhaustion, consequent upon mental excitement, and from a wound inflicted by himself upon his throat. We also find that this state of mind was superinduced by his connexion with persons calling themselves spiritual media. We also recommend to the Grand Jury to take measures for the suppression of circle meetings at the houses named in the testimony."

To remedy this evil it is necessary to strike somewhat deeper than the "circle meetings." Does not a graver responsibility attach to the writers of books and in newspapers, who treat with gravity and respect every juggler's pretence of a communication with the spiritual world? The fount and authority for these things are in the proceedings of persons of supposed intelligence, who pass off their credulity or dishonesty upon the public as a higher order of wisdom. It is a curious mark of this class of people that they frequently affect to sneer at what the wisdom and good sense of the world have found to be of genuine worth and value. They rob truth to set up falsehood—probably finding a partnership with the latter of a more profitable character.

There has been far too much written and published for popular literature on these topics of mesmerism, clairvoyance, the very Od force, and other manifestations, which, in so far as they are based on fact, relate almost exclusively to the specialities of medical science. They are very generally, when they exist at all, the morbid effects of disease, and to experiment with them popularly, is very much like playing with cholera or typhus. We have more than once before called attention to this important view of the subject, and deprecated effects which a coroner's jury is now called in to demonstrate.

What are we to think of the intelligence of a journal set forth as the protector of the "public health and safety," and offered to public patronage under the "general co-operation" of names like those of Richard H. Dana, Washington Irving, Edward Everett, George Ticknor, which contains an article supporting statements such as appear in *Putnam's Monthly*, on the topic of "Modern Spiritualism?" The drift of this article, which is confidently attributed to the Hon. Horace Greeley, in respect to the vast array of delusions suggested by its title, is expressed in the popular saying, "There is a great deal in them." What absurdity or roguery under heaven is there which cannot be protected by such an admission as this:—

"As the false coin or note implies the pre-existence of a genuine counterpart, to which the counterfeit owes its transient currency; as hypocrisy implies the pre-existence of genuine faith and love; so do the very mockeries of a prescience above the reach of the senses imply and demonstrate a preceding verity. Can you imagine such a fraud as the Delphic Oracle at last became, deliberately plotted and originated by

men conscious that they had no power of divining or foreseeing beyond that possessed by all human kind?"

Can any reasoning be more delightful? The false coin implies a true coin, therefore the ambiguous and lying oracles of Apollo are founded on truth; hypocrisy implies faith and love, therefore the rappings are genuine—or to get at this begging logic which adopts the most absurd analogies—because the thing is false, therefore it is true!

After this we cannot be surprised at the following grave narration:—

"A few days ago, a Mr. Humes, residing in one of the interior towns of Connecticut, happened to be in Bridgeport, and there called on his friend Dr. Jacques, to whom he casually broached the subject of 'spiritual manifestations,' avowing his total incredulity with regard to them. Dr. J. replied that, if evidence would convince him, he thought his scepticism might be overcome; and they soon agreed to visit in company a Miss Middlebrook (some twelve or thirteen years old), who is a reputed 'medium.' On their way, Mr. H. concocted four or five questions which he resolved to ask the invisibles in presence of Miss Middlebrook, saying to Dr. J. that if these questions were answered correctly he would be no longer incredulous. He asked his questions accordingly, and they were all answered to his satisfaction; but now he thought of a few more that he would like to put, which he did with equal success. At length he asked—'Who are you that answer me?' *Ans.* 'I am your uncle William.'—'No, you are not,' said Mr. H., 'for I never had any uncle William.'—'Yes, you did,' persisted the invisible, 'but you never saw and probably never heard of me. I left Connecticut when very young for the interior of New York, and died there a great many years ago.'—Mr. Humes persisted that he never had any such uncle, and the interview rather abruptly closed.

"Several days thereafter, Dr. Jacques, in the course of an inland ride, came across the father of Mr. Humes, a venerable patriarch of eighty, whom he abruptly accosted thus, 'Mr. Humes, had you ever a brother William?'—'No, sir,' was the ready reply. The doctor turned away rather crest-fallen, and was riding off, when the old man recalled him with—'Stop, doctor! I was mistaken. I had a brother William; but he went off west and died several years before I was born, and I haven't thought of him for many years till now. I don't think there is another person alive who knows that I ever had such a brother. What could have put him into your head? We have this narration at second-hand, but on testimony whose accuracy and truth we cannot doubt."

In this story there needs no ghost from the grave, as Hamlet says, to tell us that. But the writer evidently supposes it to be a spiritual communication, and he is entitled to the benefit of his supposition. On what pretences does he set forth this most important and astounding fact? *On second-hand testimony!* Is it such an every-day occurrence as not to be worth the trouble of verifying for a special article? This is just the kind of encouragement which ignorance and superstition desire, and we greatly regret that so respectable a "medium" as *Putnam's Monthly* should sanction it. That publication certainly owes an apology to the common sense of its readers for the tone and logic of the article on Modern Spiritualism.

The coroner's case may be called monomania, but is monomania to be encouraged? We saw the other day in the papers the story of a remarkable mutilation by a man in Ireland, who had relapsed into intemperance.

It is thus told in the *Courier* from a Belfast paper:

"A respectable man having got drunk, was afterwards met by his minister, who remonstrated with him on his error, and that he should have cut off his right hand before he had been guilty of such a sin. The reproof sank deeply, and the offender, after reflecting for a few moments when the minister had passed on, walked quietly into a butcher's stall close by, and taking the cleaver, first in his left, and afterwards in his right hand, deliberately chopped off about half the fingers of his left hand; then regarding them for an instant or so, and apparently not thinking he had sufficiently expiated his offence, he again placed his hand on the block, and with another blow of the cleaver severed the fingers completely from the hand, remarking as he did so, that since he could not repair the error he had committed, he could at least, inflict such punishment as he deserved."

Surely the guardians of modern life have a higher duty to perform than this. It was the boast by a Roman poet of an ancient philosopher

"Humana ante oculos fœde quum vita jaceret  
In teris, oppressa gravi sub religione;  
Que caput a cœli regionibus obtendebat,  
Horribili super aspectu mortalibus instans;  
Primum Graius homo mortales tollere contra  
Est oculos ausus, primusque obsistere contra."

Shall the present day exaggerate human suffering, exasperate sorrow to madness and suicide, and add physical to moral evil? This is neither the spirit of Christianity nor of humanity.

#### A NAUSANCE IN HOTEL-KEEPING.

THE daily newspapers have, during the last week, with a protest or two on the part of some of them, been putting the plush on themselves, as the great natural historian of snobs called a certain species of adulation, in their efforts to blazon the splendor of carpets and upholstery in a new Broadway Hotel. Some of these touches are models of kitchen admiration. One glowing reporter remarks:—

"Aladdin, from a field of 'cloth of gold,' could not conjure a more dazzling and bewildering picture. Rivers and lakes of rarest tapestries cover the floors of the spacious halls, corridors, parlors, and sleeping rooms; clouds of lace, and silk and satin, curtain the superb windows; furniture of the most exquisite carving in rosewood, and upholstering in damasks, silks, satins, and velvets, plead with the beholder to tarry at every turn; while, from a legion of gorgeous chandeliers, of various design and material, pours a flood of soft, golden light, laying bare the enchantments of the St. Nicholas."

"We are speaking of the Hotel as we had 'a glimpse only' of it last night. The select party invited to an inspection of the latest and greatest marvel in its line, was so dense that it was impossible to pause, save at indifferent points. On, ever on, until the circuit was done, swept the thousands of delighted spectators, ourselves amid the current, yet a passing glance was sufficient to show that the St. Nicholas has made a mark clean ahead of competitors. What an admirable arrangement, that cosy and fairy tea-room, with its glittering outfit—all dainty and retired by itself!"

Did a sight of empty plates ever beget such enthusiasm before? But there is more of it:—

"The St. Nicholas is palatial—in every inch fit for republican or imperial sovereigns. Every part and department shows the same careful design to blend comfort, convenience, and luxury—fixtures, furniture, and colors, in elegant harmony."

"If the style graduates as you ascend, it is only from superfine to fine. The tenant of the 'sky parlor' is still in the blaze of splendor which flames from base to dome. The table service, which was the most dazzling feature, excels anything of the kind before attempted. What a temptation its myriad pieces to light fingers! What a vigilance it will require to keep that vast array of plate clean and safe! We doubt if Louis le Grand, in his sumptuous Versailles, could boast a fairer show. Had the Babylonians richer? Ah, we are doing the Babylonians brown in this 'plodding,' steam and lightning age."

The grand feature, however, of this promenade entertainment of the public, by invitation, is still to come—that inexpressible vulgarity called the Bridal Chamber:—

"We must not forget the 'Bridal Chamber' and the 'Governor's Room.' These were decidedly the *drawing rooms* last night. The former is a touch above the elegant. It is *sui generis*—unlike and superior to all others of the sort we have seen. From the centre of the ceiling is a mass of elaborately carved work, overlaid with gold, supporting a magnificent canopy of white satin over the bridal bed, gathered in heavy folds at each corner. Suspended directly over this silken canopy, are four magnificent chandeliers, sparkling with crystals. The bedstead was almost entirely cushioned, inside and out, with white satin, drawn and tucked, and surrounded by a foot cushion, of the same material. The bed-spread was of embroidered canary colored satin, and over the whole was thrown a covering of rich lace. The toilet table, sofa, curtains, and chairs were furnished in a corresponding style. The walls were also covered with white satin, plaited perpendicularly."

"An enthusiastic old sea captain begged of the maid in waiting to touch the bed with the tip of his finger. He did so, and appeared to be electrified. The only fault with this room is its lack of direct connexion with a parlor. Beautiful as it is, it is too fine for ease or comfort. We heard an old lady remark that 'bridal chambers should have less fuss and more feathers.' A sensitive couple would hardly occupy the room. It would subject them to the quiz and scrutiny of the whole household."

After all, we suspect the reporter (who, by the way, has forgotten the decorated china spittoon!) is quizzing the whole affair. That doubt of the Bridal chamber, the most exquisite morceau of the whole gorgeous and magnificent establishment, throws a shadow of suspicion over his entire eulogy. In truth this display is simply ridiculous and offensive—and the institution should be at once abolished by all creditable hotel-keepers as a nauseous and impudent indecency—thrust upon the eyes of strangers, of course, on their landing as an index of American civilization. What the thing really is and what it begets we have no better means of indicating than by an ironical sketch which appeared from the pen of a well known author in a newspaper of the day on the introduction of the usage in a North river steamboat. The passage is not particularly delicate, but it is quite as much so as the thing itself was to the élite of New York society last week, and we publish it for its beneficial effects:

"It is night on board the steamer 'Oregon.' Swiftly the beautiful boat slips on—so swiftly and so stilly that it is a bore to know what to do. The supper is over, but it is too early for sleep. The cabins are sumptuous, but, once seen, you have only to sit still. The handsome clerk, with his tasteful office hung round with pictures of lovely ladies, has drawn his stained glass



window, and there is no more 'fight or die' to be the first to 'settle.' The idea of twenty-two miles an hour wont amuse a man! What have you got for 'the people,' Captain? No pine bench to whittle, nor nothing! Hey!—what!—the knowing ones dropping off to the upper saloon! Up stairs be it, then! So—so!—very carelessly indeed I see the b'boys lounging in the satin chairs at the upper end of the long saloon—but all eyes keeping the range of the door-handle of state-room 53! 'Look sharp! There goes a pretty girl to the marble table for a night lamp! 'Eh, how she blushes!' 'Rich, isn't it!' White ribbons and orange flowers in her bonnet, and a bran-new travelling dress. I wonder whether it's your all looking at her makes her bungle so in unlocking the door! In she goes, and the door closes—but of course nobody got a glimpse of the embroidered canopy over the bridal bed—oh no! A nudge all round. Half an hour's intermission. \* \* \*

'Here he comes!' 'Just up from the barber's shop!' 'Looks clean, don't he!' All eyes turned to 53, and the outsiders trimming their range so as to see well in, when the door opens. 'Oh, Mr. Bridegroom, you needn't look so mad at our having a look at you! Free country! A gentle rap. 'Come in,' is just audible through the ventilator. Door opens. 'Saw the frill of her night-cap, by Jupiter!' 'Embroidered quilt!' 'Lace curtains!' 'Did you see her eyes!' 'How spunky the chap locks the door on the inside!' 'As if we hadn't a right to sit where we've a mind to, in the public saloon!' 'But it's fun, getting a peep into a bridal state room, isn't it?' 'The Oregon for me!' 'Good as a play!' 'Won't we be accidentally here when she comes out in the morning!'

American ladies have the reputation of great sensitiveness to an indelicacy; it is to their honor, and long may they continue to deserve the distinction. Is this utter violation of instinctive privacy and retirement called for by the public taste, or is it the absurd freak of some conceited upholsterer who first tried the "idea?" That he should ever have found followers and imitators, and that his experiment should be engrafted, as it apparently is, upon the hotel system of the country, is indeed marvellous.

To the administrative talent and great increase of comfort of the new hotels, we would render every praise. So far as eulogy of service, cleanliness, ventilation, baths and their appurtenances, can go, we shall not fall behind the most lusty of our puffing contemporaries; we can go further, and commend the luxury of furniture even to the "palatial" extent as a desirable thing, but we say with a writer in the *Evening Post* let it be genuine, substantial luxury—not a tawdry show of carpets and curtains, and glitter of mirrors, but the more costly and highly to be prized luxury of fine works of art, of artistic carving, of paintings, of statuary. It is not that damask and brocette are too costly for the people, that we object to them; we would have something more expensive for those who require it; while we would desire far less, still preserving comfort and good taste, for those philosophic people who don't value a thing simply by the money lavished upon it.

The particular vulgarity we have alluded to will doubtless pass away as a fashion of the times. In ten years "bridal chambers" will probably be antiquarian curiosities. Shall we not by that time have a return to the quiet substantial style which our best hotels once offered in such excellent accommodations as those at Bunker's and Head's at Philadelphia, which have indeed been surpassed in many

qualities, while they still afford much for imitation?

A great many improvements have been introduced into hotels, chiefly from the use of the Croton; at least as many more remain to be accomplished hereafter.

The next move might be, advantageously, the construction of a number of Hotels for permanent lodging, on the Paris plan, with suites of rooms permitting retirement and home seclusion, in place of the clash and bustle of the present huge caravanserais.

#### AMERICAN GEOGRAPHICAL AND STATISTICAL SOCIETY.

14th Dec. 1852. The Hon. George Bancroft in the chair. After the transaction of the ordinary business, the Society adjourned to the chapel of the University, where a large audience had assembled to hear the address of Dr. Kane, relative to the contemplated expedition to the Polar Seas. The President, after some introductory remarks referring to the liberality of one of the Vice-Presidents of the Society in again furnishing a vessel for a second expedition to discover the fate of Sir John Franklin, and to the zeal and energy of Dr. Kane, who is to conduct the expedition, introduced the lecturer to the audience.

It is extremely difficult to give an epitome of the address, as from the extent of the subject the lecturer was obliged to condense the various topics introduced; and it is the less necessary, as we understand that the third number of the Society's Bulletin is already in press, containing the communication in fuller detail than it was read to the Society.

The first point discussed was the great probability of the existence of a large body of open water around the North Pole, termed a Polynya (a word of Russian derivation). Although the fact of such open sea cannot be demonstrated, yet all observation confirms the probability of its existence. Not only have the early Dutch and Danish navigators reached a more temperate region as they advanced northward, but the Russian and English Arctic travellers have confirmed their observations. Capts. MacCallum and Wilson, in 1750 and 1754, reached open water in 83°, and more recently Wrangel and M. Von Anjou, in repeated attempts to proceed north from Siberia, always encountered open water, which arrested their progress.

The evidences derived from the migration of animals were alluded to, and the fact stated that from the most northerly point yet reached by man hordes of animals of various kinds were observed travelling northwards. The Arctic zone teems with animal life, and the lecturer mentioned the fact of having shot, at the most northerly point of De Haven's expedition, a wild goose, flying from the north, with some fresh grass in its crop. The forests of antlered reindeer that come from the north, the eider duck and brent goose, and the various mammalia that abound among the broken ice where the navigation of the whalers ends, all lead to the belief that a more temperate region obtains to the north.

In the hope of finding this open sea by a route not hitherto attempted, the expedition under Dr. Kane is organized. It will consist of about thirty persons, and will leave the United States in the month of March, so as to reach Baffin's Bay at the opening of navigation. Forcing a passage, if possible,

through the ice in Melville Bay, the "Advance" will enter Smith's Sound, and try to reach the most northerly point possible, when the party will leave the vessel and commence an exploration by land. The lecturer at some length gave a *résumé* of the reasons for believing that Greenland is a continent which trends to the north, and is skirted on the north by this open sea. Sledges are to be provided for the party, covered with gutta percha boats, of sufficient size to carry the blankets, furs, and allowance of pemmican for six men; a light india-rubber tent will also be taken; but the chief reliance for shelter will be the snow-hut of the Esquimaux. Thus equipped, the adventurous little band hope to advance where the foot of man has never trodden, and bring back to the home of their fathers the first accounts of that far country.

The lecturer then stated that while the primary object of the expedition was the search after Sir John Franklin, the interests of science would not be overlooked. The line of travel being directly northwards, rendered the accurate registration of magnetic experiments of great value, and while the generosity of Mr. Henry Grinnell and Mr. Peabody of London equipped the expedition, for the purposes of discovering some tidings of Sir John Franklin, an opportunity was afforded to the Geographical and Statistical Society of advancing by its exertions the interests of science, by furnishing the means to enable Dr. Kane to obtain the services of a suitable assistant, capable of conducting experiments in, and making observations connected with physical geography.

We are glad to learn that the Society at once resolved to second Dr. Kane in his laudable desire to make this expedition subservient to the interests of science as well as the dictates of humanity, and that the required amount is immediately to be raised for the purpose of obtaining the services of a practical and scientific assistant.

#### NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

Jan. 4.—The Annual Meeting. Luther Bradish in the Chair. The Report of the Librarian stated that room now was required for 3,000 volumes. There was an increase, during the year, of 300 volumes of newspaper files. The collection of early newspapers, that is, those printed before and during the Revolution, had frequently been referred to, and justly, with great satisfaction, as a treasure which could not be overestimated. Commencing with Bradford's *Gazette*, established in 1725, and including Zenger's *New York Weekly Journal* (1733-52), the *New York Mercury* (afterwards *Gazetteer and Mercury*), 1752-83; the *New York Weekly Post-Boy*, 1743; Wavman's *New York Gazette*, 1759-64; with Rivington's *Gazette*, *London Packet*, and Holt's *Journal*, the collection was, without doubt, the most complete series now existing. The executive committee had appropriated \$500 for binding the MSS., and the 150 volumes estimated for were nearly half done, and would be complete by the October meeting in 1853. The calls upon the time of the Librarian would explain the slow progress of a work requiring minute and careful labor, with his own hands, to insure the safety and preservation of these inestimable materials for history. A prospectus had been issued for the publication of the catalogue, completed to January, 1853, and a subscription sufficient to warrant the expense of printing

would enable the Librarian to put it into the hands of the printer at once. The most valuable and important addition to the library, was the donation of the Hon. Ogden Hoffman, through Mr. De Peyster, of the "Colden Papers," which bore to our Colonial and ante-Revolutionary history a similar relation to that which our other great collection—the "Gates Papers"—did to the history of the war of independence. These papers would make about twenty-five volumes, in addition to those just alluded to as in the process of binding. The Librarian regretted that the "Clinton Papers" are not preserved in this or some other secure depository.

The Treasurer's Report showed a balance for the year of \$451 27, the receipts for dues and life-membership during that time being \$6,817 50.

The Building Fund is now, with interest, \$38,670.

The officers were then re-elected for the year.

Professor Koeppen read the paper of the evening on Recent Discoveries and Restorations of the Acropolis at Athens, entering upon the scenery, associations, and history of the spot, with some strong reflections, after Byron, on the appropriating propensities of Lord Elgin. Professor Koeppen's remarks were illustrated by various water-color drawings, and were listened to with interest.

The fourth lecture of the course of the Society, at Metropolitan Hall, was delivered on the 6th inst., by the Hon. John A. Dix. His topic was a general one, the Growth, Destinies, and Duties of New York. He started with the prophetic growth of the city, from an anticipation of its coming prosperity by the Dutch West India Directors in 1652. A quarter of a century ago, Mr. Dix published a pamphlet in which he expressed the belief that in 1878, twenty-five years hence, the inhabitants would number nearly a million and a half, and that the whole island would be covered with dwellings, and buildings devoted to trade, the mechanic arts, and the various other uses which a large commercial population require.

The estimate was, by some persons, thought extravagant at the time it was made, and was, by many, derided as a wild and unwarrantable speculation. And yet, he went on to say, "it has been thus far outrun by the progress of the City. All past estimates, however unsupported they may have appeared to be by sober calculations, are mere laggards in the race which we are running against time and impediments to human progress. It is not probable that I shall live to see my prophecy fulfilled, but there are, no doubt, many within the sound of my voice who will. Set apart the spaces needed for squares, reservoirs, railway appurtenances, shops, warehouses, manufactories, and public edifices, and the island will not conveniently contain more than a million and a half of people. But this is by no means the limit to its growth. Its population will flow into surrounding spaces. The process has already commenced. It has crossed the East River, the North River, and to Harlem; Brooklyn, Williamsburg, Jersey City, and Morrisania, are all dependencies of the great metropolis, and, for every practical purpose, parts of it. A circle with a radius of four miles in extent, and with its centre at Union square, will now inclose seven hundred and

fifty thousand people. If the population of the city and the surrounding districts referred to, increases as rapidly during the next twenty-eight years, as it has during the last twenty-five, it will number in 1865 a million and a half of souls, and in 1880 three millions."

The elements of this growth he considered the great increase of the interior population, dependent on the city for supplies, its extension as a depôt by the warehousing system, its rise as a pecuniary centre for the exchanges of this continent, and probably of the world.

In the employment of this wealth, it was the great duty to make the spirit of the social conform to the political organization, and maintain both in simplicity and economy. No man of fortune should build a house which any one of his children, with the share of the property he is likely to inherit, will not be able to retain. The connexion of the city with the rural districts by the railways he urged as a great source of health and purity of character. The improvement of domestic architecture was spoken of, and the necessity for New York of great Parks and a Public Gallery of Art, with a School of Design, the only great wants of the city. The lecture closed with an appeal for the maintenance of those principles in private life which only can give strength to democratic forms of government.

#### THE LATE EDITOR OF THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

From a Correspondent of the *London Times*, Dec. 15.

THE literary world and a wide circle of affectionate friends have sustained a serious loss by the death of Professor Empson, which took place at Hayleybury on Friday last. Few men of our time have discharged educational duties with greater zeal and conscientiousness. He considered it a high responsibility to form the minds and to direct the studies of young men who might at some future time be called upon to discharge the duties of the magistracy and of the bench of justice in India. To those who have considered, with an admiration not unmixed with surprise, the questions in moral philosophy, metaphysics, and the elements of general law, which are answered by the native students at the Mahomedan and Hindoo Colleges at Calcutta, it is fully apparent that a new race of Asiatics is rapidly growing up, capable of appreciating the knowledge and capacity of the Europeans called to administer high civil functions among them. Any deficiency in the qualifications of the European civil servants, when compared with natives, will be a severe blow to a power which peculiarly rests on opinion. By no other were these truths more fully recognised than they were by William Empson. Acting on this conviction, no professor could endeavor more faithfully than he did to render his lectures efficient for their true end and object. Going far beyond commonplace and elementary teaching, his lectures opened large historical views, the principles of moral philosophy and of international law. Paley, Kent, Story, Wheaton, Wildman, and Sir William Scott, were his text books as much as *Blackstone's Commentaries*. This was peculiarly important where, as in India, local jurisdictions exist equal in area to European States, and where complicated and ill-defined rights and systems, differing religious faiths, contrasted ties of sovereignty, protection,

and alliance, render a knowledge of the general principles of jurisprudence absolutely necessary as a guide through an otherwise impenetrable labyrinth. Those who will take the trouble of looking carefully over Professor Empson's Examination Papers, will perceive how well fitted was his system of instruction to convey the knowledge required for Indian magistrates and judges. He not only possessed knowledge, but the art of communicating it, and an art still rarer—that of obtaining and exercising influence over the hearts of his pupils. He showed a genial interest in the students of his class, which won their confidence and affection. In this he resembled his distinguished friend and fellow Wykemist, Dr. Arnold.

An interesting proof of his success will appear from the following occurrence, which will not be thought trivial to those who have studied the characters of the young. The students at the East India College have been accustomed to celebrate the close of their term and of their studies by an annual festival; but on the last examination, on learning the approaching end of their friend and instructor—then suffering from the rupture of a blood-vessel of which in a few days after he died—they spontaneously gave up their accustomed festival, as being inconsistent with their anxiety and grateful affection for him. And well might they do so. Though in a most enfeebled state of health, and fully aware of the risk he ran in the cold College hall, he would not shrink from his duty as Examiner, and within less than half an hour of the close of his functions he was struck with that fearful attack to which in a few days he fell a victim. Yet even during this rapid sinking by decay of bodily strength, he would not neglect the last duty he could perform to his young friends. He carefully went through his Examination papers, and assigned to each student his rank and position. No man ever fell more truly in the field of duty.

Succeeding to the professional chair of Mackintosh, occupying what had been the home of the gentle Malthus, and having lived in intimate friendship with Lebas, if he did not possess the metaphysical subtlety and universality of the first, if he did not leave behind him so great a work as the justly celebrated *Essay on Population*, if he was not a deep theologian, he surpassed Mackintosh in his industry and his enlarged practical wisdom, and he equalled Malthus in his love of truth and courage in asserting it, and Lebas in his deep and sincere piety.

In addition to his functions of Professor of Law, William Empson held another office, which is often a painful preëminence. He was editor, as since the year 1823 he had been a contributor, to that leading critical journal, the *Edinburgh Review*. His genial kindness of nature rendered him an indulgent administrator of those functions to which he was officially sworn in the verse of Publius Syrus, "*Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur*." At all times he preferred praise to blame, and would rather have given a wreath of laurel than "Luke's iron crown." Those are indifferent observers who will not admit that refined criticism is not as much shown in discriminating praise as in severe invective. Indeed, the former requires greater skill and delicacy, and appeals to less vulgar elements of success. The generous feeling which distinguished William Empson as an editor was shown in his reception of an



interesting and justly encomiastic article on Robert Southey, whose opinions on many points, and on politics more especially, were so opposite to his own. We may observe, in passing, that in the case of the Tory poet laureate and his son, the Rev. Cuthbert Southey, well merited praise to the one, and the gift of a church living to the other, came from a Whig Review and from a Whig Lord Chancellor, in acknowledgment of high literary genius; while a bitter and discreditable attack appeared in that *Quarterly Review* which had derived its illumination from the brilliancy of Southey's genius.

William Empson contributed upwards of sixty articles to the Review between the years 1823 and 1849, on law, the condition of the poorer classes, negro slavery, domestic politics, poetry, and general literature and biography. No questions appeared more congenial to his nature than those which denounced oppression and tyranny, whether political or ecclesiastical, and those which, in reviewing the lives of the good and the great, excited a train of moral feelings. One characteristic of William Empson's editorship is to be traced equally to the times in which we live and to his own nature and opinions. Religious pugnacity appears now on all sides. Our controversialists enter the lists with strange weapons. Mitres and croziers, and other offensive instruments and symbols, stolen from mediæval armories, are flourished by vehement and indignant combatants. The population which lives between Carfax and Magdalen-bridge seeks the help of the Romans against the inroad of what they consider the Saxon barbarians. The assistance of most able fellow laborers was obtained by William Empson for this new contest; and his own mode of treating questions of this description is beautifully shown in his review of the *Life of Arnold*, by Arthur Stanley, contained in the January number of 1845. Throughout this most able series of articles on religious topics, the right of private judgment and the scriptural foundation of our faith have been well defended; and the assertion of freedom of conscience and freedom of inquiry has been made to rest on a foundation of humble belief, and of deep and unaffected piety.

Such are among the many claims which William Empson possessed on the esteem and gratitude of his contemporaries. In private life he was most happy in his associations. The friendships which he brought with him from Winchester and Trinity College, Cambridge, and which were extended in the world, and completed among his estimable colleagues at Haylebury, were unbroken except by death. How he was loved and valued by those who knew him most intimately is shown in the delightful letters of Lord Jeffrey. To his intimacy with that most captivating man William Empson owed the completion of his family happiness in marriage. He was unchangeable in all his friendships. Pope concludes his panegyric on the minister Cragg by the emphatic words, "And he lost no friend." Never was a human being more entitled to Pope's praise than the subject of the preceding sketch. He died aged 62; and never did a calm and trusting death afford more conclusive evidence of a life pure, useful, and benevolent.

THE WRITINGS OF JOHN HAMILTON REYNOLDS.

II.

MR. KEMBLE—Concluded.

MR. KEMBLE quitted Covent-garden in 1812, for a short period, and re-appeared in 1814 in *Coriolanus*; a laurel crown was thrown on the stage, and the audience rose to receive him. In 1817 he took leave of the Scottish audience in *Macbeth*, and spoke a farewell address in verse, written by Sir Walter Scott. Poetical farewells are not free from suspicion. He returned and played his best parts in London, up to the 23d of June, 1817, when, on that night, he took his entire leave of the stage in *Coriolanus*. As we are now brought to the last hour of Mr. Kemble's professional life, we must pause to recall a few of those characters in the representation of which he so eminently excelled.

The *Hamlet* of John Kemble was, in the vigor of his life, his first, best, and favorite character. In the few latter years, time had furrowed that handsome forehead and face deeper than grief even had worn the countenance of *Hamlet*. The pensiveness of the character permitted his languor to overcome him; and he played it, not with the mildness of melancholy and meditation, but with somewhat of the tameness and drowsiness of age. There never was that heyday in his blood that could afford to tame. He was a severe and pensive man in his youth—at least in his theatrical youth. We have, however, seen him in *Hamlet* to the very heart! We have yearned for the last flourish of the tippling king's trumpets,—for the passing of Mr. Murray and Mrs. Powell,—for the entrance of Mr. Claremont and Mr. Claremont's other self in *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern*. We have yearned for all these; because then, after a pause, came *Hamlet*!—There he was! The sweet, the graceful, the gentlemanly *Hamlet*. The scholar's eye shone in him with learned beauty! The soldier's spirit decorated his person! His mourning dress was in unison with the fine severe sorrow of his face; and wisdom and youth seemed holding gracious parley in his countenance. You could not take your eye from the dark intensity of his: you could not look on any meaner form, while his matchless person stood in princely perfection before you. The very blue riband, that suspended the picture of his father around his neck, had a courtly grace in its disposal. There he stood! and when he spoke that wise music with which Shakespeare has tuned Prince *Hamlet's* heart, his voice fell in its fine cadences like an echo upon the ear—and you were taken by its tones back with *Hamlet* to his early days, and over all his griefs, until you stood, like him, isolated in the Danish revel court. The beauty of his performance of *Hamlet* was its retrospective air—its intensity and abstraction. His youth seemed delivered over to sorrow, and memory was, indeed, with him the warder of the brain. Later actors have played the part with more energy,—walked more in the sun,—dashed more at effects,—piqued themselves more on the jerk of a foil;—but Kemble's sensible, lonely *Hamlet* has not been surpassed. *Hamlet* seems to us to be a character that should be played as if in moonlight. He is a sort of link between the ethereal and the corporeal. He stands between the two Fathers, and relieves the too violent transition from the living king, that bruises the heavens with his roaring cups, to the armed spirit that silently

walks the forest by the glow-worm's light, and melts away when it "gins to pale its ineffectual fire." As far as Prince *Hamlet* could be played, John Kemble played it,—and now that he is gone, we will take care how we enter the theatre to see it mammothed by any meaner hand.

Mr. Kemble's delineation of *Cato* was truly magnificent. The hopes of Rome seemed fixed upon him. The fate of Rome seemed to have retired to his tower-like person, as to a fortress, and thence to look down upon the petty struggles of traitors and assassins. He stood in the gorgeous foldings of his robes, proudly pre-eminent. The stoicism of the Roman wrestled with the feelings of the father, when his son was killed; and the contest was terrifically displayed. That line in the Critic, which has always seemed the highest burlesque, was realized and sublimed in him: "The father relents, but the governor is fixed." If Mr. Kemble had only stood with his grand person in *Cato*, he would have satisfied the audience, and have told all that Addison intended throughout five long cast-iron acts.

There are those amongst his admirers who eulogized him much in *Brutus*; nay, preferred him in that character. We thought the Roman part of *Brutus* was admirably portrayed; but the generous fears—the manly candor—the tenderness of heart, which rise up through all the Roman stoicism, rather wanted truth and vividness. The whole character was made too meditative, too unmoved. And yet the relation of *Portia's* death renders such objections extremely hazardous. In this part he dared much for the sake of correct costume; and we are quite sure that if any other performer had been as utterly Roman in his dress as Mr. Kemble was, he would have endangered the severity of the tragedy.

*Coriolanus* was a Roman of quite another nature; and we rather think Mr. Kemble was more universally liked in this part than in any other. The contempt of inferiors suited the haughty tone of his voice; and the fierce impetuosity of the great fighting young Roman was admirably seconded by the muscular beauty of person in the actor. When he came on in the first scene, the crowd of mob-Romans fell back as though they had run against a wild bull, and he dashed in amongst them in scarlet pride, and looked, even in the eyes of the audience, sufficient "to beat forty of them." Poor Simmons used to peer about for Kemble's wounds like a flimsy connoisseur examining a statue of some mighty Roman. The latter asking to be consul,—his quarrel with the tribunes,—his appearance under the statue of Mars in the hall of Aufidius, and his taunt of the Volscian just before his death, were specimens of earnest and noble acting that ought never to be lost out of the cabinets of our memories.

In *Macbeth* this great performer was grandly effective; particularly in the murder scene. Perhaps he fell off in the very concluding scenes; but at the banquet, he was kingly indeed! The thought of the witches always seemed to be upon him, weighing him down with supernatural fear. In *Richard the Third*, he was something too collected, too weighty with the consideration of crime, too slow of apprehension. In this part Mr. Kean has certainly surpassed all others, and we never saw quick intellects so splendidly displayed as in this brilliant little

man. In King John, although the character is in itself tedious, Mr. Kemble was greatly elaborate and successful. His scenes with Hubert, and his death, were as powerful as genius could make them. His death chilled the heart, as the touch of marble chills the hand; and it almost seemed that a monument was struggling with Fate! The voice had a horror, a hollowness, supernatural; and it still sounds through our memories, big with death!

In characters of vehemence and passion, such as Hotspur, Pierre, Octavian, he so contrived to husband his powers, as to give the most astounding effects in the most prominent scenes in which those characters appeared. And in the melancholy pride and rooted sentiments of such parts as Wolsey, Zanga, the Stranger, and Penruddock, he had no equal. In the latter character, indeed, with apparently the slightest materials, he worked up a part of the most thrilling interest. He showed love, not in its dancing youth and revel of the blood, but in its suffering, its patience, its silent wasting intensity. Mr. Kemble dressed the part in the humblest modern dress, and still he looked some superior creature. Philosophy seemed determined to hold her own. The draped room was shamed by his severe presence. His boots and hose bore a charmed life! Love hung its banner out in his countenance, and it had all the interest of some worn record of a long-past contest and victory.

We have seen Mr. Kemble in Lord Townley, in Biron, Sir Giles Overreach, and various other characters; but we preferred him in the parts upon which we have principally remarked. Although he was filled with the spirit of Massinger in Overreach, and bore the Ancient Drama sternly up, *Sir Giles* is highly poetical, and cannot be realized by a natural actor. His very vices relish of the schools.

Having thus briefly noticed those characters which Mr. Kemble so completely triumphed in representing, we shall proceed to give a short account of his retirement from Covent-Garden Theatre on the 23d of June, 1817, and of the dinner given to him by those admirers who were anxious to testify, by some attention, their value of his classical and exquisite personification of most of the higher characters in the English drama. And we shall then conclude this paper with the circumstances with which we are acquainted respecting his death.

When it became publicly known that Mr. Kemble was to retire on the night of the 23d June, every box in the house was secured, and the orchestra was fitted up for the accommodation of those lovers of the drama who longed to see their great actor once more! All the leading members of the profession were present. Kemble played Coriolanus with the abandonment of self-care, with a boundless energy, a loose of strength, as though he felt that he should never play again; and that he needed to husband his powers no longer!—The audience were borne along with him until they approached the *Rapids* of the last act—and then they seemed at once conscious of their approaching fate, and shrank from the *Fall*! The curtain dropped amidst wild shouts of "No farewell! No farewell!" But, true to himself, the proud actor came forward, evidently "oppressed with grief—oppressed with care!" He struggled long for silence—and then, alas! he struggled long before he could break it!

At length, he stammered out in honest, earnest truth—"I have now appeared before you for the last time; this night closes my professional life!"—The burst of "No, no!" was tremendous;—but Mr. Kemble had "rallied life's whole energy to die,"—and he stood his ground, continuing his farewell address, when the storm abated, in the following words.—He was of course continually interrupted by his own feelings, and by the ardent cheers, and loud affectionate greetings of the audience.

"I am so much agitated that I cannot express with any tolerable propriety what I wish to say. I feared, indeed, that I should not be able to take my leave of you with sufficient fortitude,—composure, I mean,—and had intended to withdraw myself from before you in silence;—but I suffered myself to be persuaded that if it were only from old custom, some little parting word would be expected from me on this occasion. Ladies and Gentlemen, I entreat you to believe, that, whatever abilities I have possessed,—either as an actor, in the performance of the characters allotted to me,—or as a manager, in endeavouring at a union of propriety and splendour in the representation of our best plays, and particularly of those of the divine Shakspeare;—I entreat you to believe that all my labours, all my studies, whatever they have been, have been made delightful to me, by the approbation with which you have been pleased constantly to reward them.

"I beg you, Ladies and Gentleman, to accept my thanks for the great kindness you have invariably shown me, from the first night I became a candidate for public favour, down to this painful moment of my parting with you!—I must take my leave at once.—Ladies and Gentlemen, I must respectfully bid you a long, and an unwilling farewell!"

On his retirement, a multitude seemed agonized! No one knew what to utter—where to look!—a laurel crown and a scroll were handed from the pit to the stage. But he, for whom it was intended, was gone! The manager was called for, and Mr. Fawcett appeared:—he took the wreath, and, declaring the pride he had in being commissioned to present it, withdrew. The people left the theatre, as though they had witnessed a death!

Behind the scenes Mr. Kemble had more kindness to encounter. The actors and actresses waited to greet him with respect and anxious love! They crowded around him, and several of them entreated some memorial of him. Mathews obtained his sandals!

Some gentlemen had, previously to this night of retirement, contemplated the arrangement of a public dinner to be given to Mr. Kemble, and the idea was soon carried into effect. A public meeting for the purpose was called, and a committee immediately appointed. A subscription was at the same time entered into for a piece of plate to be presented to Mr. Kemble on the occasion.

Mr. Kemble was invited, and the 27th of June was fixed upon as the day. Men of intellect seemed to vie with each other in endeavoring to pay him honor. A design for a vase was furnished by Mr. Flaxman—and a medal was struck for the committee. Mr. Poole, the author of several clever dramas, contributed a very elegant inscription for the vase; and Mr. Campbell wrote an Ode, which was committed to Mr. Young to recite, and to Mr. T. Cooke to compose. Lord Holland took the chair at the dinner.

The room was thronged with noblemen and gentlemen of literary talent and taste, and the sight was altogether one of remarkable interest.

After dinner, and after the usual toasts, Lord Holland, in a neat speech, gave the health of Mr. Kemble, and produced the design for the vase (the vase itself not being completed in time) and read the inscription, which was as follows:—

TO  
JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE.  
On his retirement from the stage,  
Of which, for thirty-four years, he has been  
The ornament and pride;  
Which to his learning, taste, and genius,  
Is indebted for its present state of refinement;  
Which, under his auspices,  
And aided by his unrivalled labours  
(Most worthily devoted to the support of the  
*Legitimate Drama*,  
And more particularly to the  
GLORY OF SHAKSPEARE)  
Has attained to a degree of Splendour and Propriety  
Before unknown;  
And which, from his high character, has acquired  
Increase of  
Honour and Dignity;  
THE VASE,  
By a numerous assembly of his admirers,  
In testimony of their  
Gratitude, Respect, and Affection,  
Was presented,  
Through the hands of their President,  
HENRY RICHARD VASSAL, LORD HOLLAND,  
XXVII JUNE, MDCCCXVII.  
"More Is Thy Due Than More Than All Can Pay."

Lord Holland having read the inscription and closed his speech, Mr. Young rose immediately, and recited Mr. Campbell's ode with considerable feeling and energy. There are too many stanzas, perhaps, in this ode—and the measure is by no means a dignified one—but the following passages are attractive:—

\* \* \* \* \*

His was the spell o'er hearts  
That only Acting lends,  
The youngest of the sister arts,  
Where all their beauty blends.  
For Poetry can ill express  
Full many a tone of thought sublime;  
And Painting, mute and motionless,  
Steals but one partial glance from Time.  
But by the mighty Actor brought,  
Illusion's wedded triumphs come,  
Verse ceases to be airy thought,  
And Sculpture to be dumb!

\* \* \* \* \*

And there was many an hour  
Of blended kindred fame;  
When Siddons's auxiliary power  
And sister magic came:  
Together at the Muse's side  
Her tragic paragons had grown;  
They were the children of her pride,  
The columns of her throne.  
An undivided favour ran,  
From heart to heart, in their applause,  
Save for the gallantry of man,  
In loveliest woman's cause.

\* \* \* \* \*

Fair as some classic dome,  
Robust and richly graced,  
Your Kemble's spirit was the home  
Of Genius and of Taste.  
Taste, like the silent gnomon's power,  
That, when supernal light is given,  
Can dial inspiration's hour,  
And tell its height in heaven.  
At once ennobled and correct,  
His mind surveyed the tragic page,  
And what the actor could effect,  
The scholar could presage.

Mr. Kemble, of course much affected by such heaped up honours, replied with difficulty; his speech, however, was earnest and true—and in public speaking this is no poor character. Much toast-drinking, and complimenting, and speechifying, followed—and M.



Talma, Mr. West, Mr. Young, and Mr. Mathews, principally supported the debate. Soon after eleven o'clock Lord Holland and Mr. Kemble retired—and this was the last time the public could ever look upon their bright and classic favorite. Such a day was a proud one to the profession, of which Mr. Kemble was the ornament. It proved to the members of it, that cultivation of mind, and regulation of conduct, could and would secure respect and love from the highest and the most enlightened in the nation.

## SONG.

Go where the water glideth gently ever,  
Glideth by meadows that the greenest be;  
Go, listen to our beloved river,  
And think of me!

Wander in forests, where the small flower  
layeth  
Its fairy gem beside the giant tree;  
Listen the dim brook pining while it playeth,  
And think of me!

Watch when the sky is silver pale at Even,  
And the wind grieveth in the lonely tree;  
Go out beneath the solitary heaven,  
And think of me!

And when the Moon riseth, as she were dream-  
ing,  
And treadeth with white feet the lull'd sea;  
Go, silent as a star beneath her beaming,  
And think of me!

JOHN HAMILTON REYNOLDS.

## MISCELLANY AND GOSSIP.

—THE interest of the practical world has been stirred by the debut last week of the Caloric ship *Ericson*. The pilot who sailed her to the lower bay and back to our harbor, where she now lies off the Battery, certifies before the Board of Underwriters of New York to her having accomplished a run of 6½ miles in 34 minutes and 30 seconds.

A speed three fourths of the Collins steamers, with a consumption of only six tons of coal in twenty-four hours, is claimed for the *Ericson*. With such results, if well-established, who can doubt the Caloric ship to be the great discovery of the age?

—A passage in "Moore's Life of Sheridan," brought to the surface by the present publication of Moore's own life, explains the anxiety of eminent authors in England, like Bulwer, Disraeli, and others, to associate themselves with political interests:

"This footing [Sheridan's about the year 1789] in the society of the great, he could only have attained by parliamentary eminence;—as a mere writer, with all his genius, he never would have been thus admitted *ad eundem* among them. Talents in literature or science, unassisted by the advantages of birth, may lead to association with the great, but rarely to equality;—it is a passport through the well-guarded frontier, but no title to naturalization within. By him who has not been born among them this can only be achieved by politics. In that arena, which they look upon as their own, the Legislature of the land, let a man of genius like Sheridan but assert his supremacy—at once all their barriers of reserve and pride give way, and he takes by storm a station at their side which a Shakespeare or a Newton would have enjoyed but by courtesy."

—One of our principal tradesmen opens (something like *Paradise Lost*), an account of his shop in the following epic style:

"When Venice ruled the commerce of the world,  
And in her sumptuous warehouses there shone

The silks, the gems, the golden trinketry  
Of Persia and of Ind, few nobler piles  
Bordered her liquid streets than we can show  
In this our Island City. Her Rialto  
Boasts not a structure on its ample arch  
That peers with our St. NICHOLAS. Nay, more;  
Her gay arcades, even in her queenly prime,  
Matched not, with all their glitter and their  
gauds,  
GENIN'S BAZAAR!"

Rolling on in this oceanic metre for a while,  
the bard is at last compelled to "come to business,"

"Lo! before us now  
COMFORT displays her seasonable store  
Of winter hosiery, whence either sex  
And all the 'ages,' from the babe in arms  
Even to the 'lean and slippered pantaloon,'  
May be supplied with fabrics warm and soft,  
To shield them from the cold. These under-  
clothes,  
With Socks, Mitts, Gloves, Fronts, Collars,  
Shirts, and Drawers,  
Of varied size, together form a stock  
Unequalled in the Union. Winter's blasts  
Lose all their terrors when we've purchased  
here  
Defensive armor!"

—A writer in the *Household Words* on the "Philosophy of Dining," who admits that the viands most to be sought after in the United States are pumpkin pie and sherry cobbler, comments after this fashion upon that important ceremony:

"England is the most dinner-giving nation in the world. Then Russia; latterly, the French have begun to give a good many dinners; but Germany, Spain, and Italy, are still benighted in this particular. In Denmark and Sweden a good deal of rough coarse hospitality goes on, and the Turks even can and do give good dinners, when they do not attempt to serve them in the European style. A good rule in giving dinners is never to have more guests or more dishes than you know how to manage. A roast saddle of Welsh mutton, two sorts of vegetables, and a tart, is a dinner for a prince; but then there should not be more than four princes or princesses to eat it. It is the best dinner a young housewife, whose husband has five hundred pounds a year, can, or ought, to put upon the table, and much better than any possible abominations contrived by the pastry-cook round the corner.

"The mistress of a small household should never be above giving an eye to the maid; nobody will think any the worse of her. A very dear and near friend of mine, who is now a man of mark enough in the world to be recognised by some who read these pages, used to give charming little dinners; and many a time have we all gone to the kitchen, a 'merry three,' and dressed a little impromptu feast a philosopher and an epicure might alike envy. My friend was a dab at an omelette, and piqued himself rather upon it; his wife made a bread-and-butter pudding that made one's mouth water to think about; and I beat up the sauce, and did the looking-on part. Surely, surely, never were there such merry dinners. I don't think it ever occurred to any of us to regret we had not a cook, or above the pay of a good City clerk in a bank among the three of us.

"In France it is the custom to drink a glass of vermouth or some bitter liqueur before dinner, and a farewell in coffee after it, as digesters. In Russia, at Hamburg, in Denmark and Sweden, and in most of the northern countries of Europe, an epicure begins his dinner with a glass of fiery spirits; and I have always found it a good plan to follow the customs of any country in which I might be living. In southern countries, however, where the atmosphere is dry, this practice would be an easy and familiar introduction to

the doctor. In Spain, Italy, Turkey, &c., all fermented liquors should be avoided by a man who does not wish to be in a perpetual fever. One cup of well made coffee is also enough for anybody."

—The most distinguished actor in Germany, Leissing, who has just died, left all his fortune, which was considerable, to the charitable institutions of Frankfort. In his will he states that he has been tormented all his life with the idea of being buried alive; and in order to avoid any risk of such a contingency, he ordered that as soon as his death should be declared by the competent medical authority, his skin should be flayed from his body, from head to foot, and that the skin so taken off should be given to the Museum of Natural History of Frankfort. In his will M. Leissing named the surgeon who should perform the operation, and left a large sum as his compensation. The Museum was applied to, to know whether it would accept so strange a bequest; it replied affirmatively, on condition that the skin should first undergo the treatment necessary for its preservation. The Tribunal of Première Instance then sanctioned the will.

—After so strong a paragraph as that, a pretty keen appetizer is needed, and here it is:

"On the coasts of Brittany, which are upwards of sixty leagues in extent, there are taken annually on an average 576,000,000 sardines, of which one-half are sold fresh, the other preserved. The sum received for the sale is 3,585,000*fr.* The fishery employs about 160 vessels, and 3500 men and boys. On shore the preparation, conveyance, and sale of the fish give occupation to 4500 persons, of whom 2500 are women; and in the interior of the country 4400 other persons are occupied in the sale. The making and repairing of nets employs during the winter 3000 families, or 9000 persons, of whom one-half are females. The fishing lasts on an average 210 days, from the beginning of April to the end of October. The sardines then disappear, and the fishermen are unable to tell what becomes of them. They only leave when they have obtained their full growth. In April sardines again appear, but they are younger and smaller than those which abandoned the coast at the end of the preceding season."

—The second number of the *N. Y. Illustrated News* (which shows a practical hand in its literary management) translates from *Portraits Littéraires*, an article on Alexander Dumas, in which this declaration appears. (Will the reader be good enough to bear in mind a few specimens of contemporary literature, and to consider whether this principle of hanging on by the skirts of a taking subject is not justly condemned?)

"With the exception of Lamartine and Victor Hugo, no writer of the new school has shone with greater *éclat*, or written more books. Whatever place we give him, in the literary history of the age, it must be among the first, for it is only a truly powerful mind which can really move the soul—and Dumas has moved many. Let us, moreover, assert—and the assertion will be to his honor, that there are certain artists who have appeared at certain apt epochs, who have produced a great commotion by their literary productions. I refer to those who take their point of departure, not in art, but in the passions, or in contemporary intrigues. The tragedies of Voltaire owe their success to the attacks against kings and priests which they embodied; the comedies of Beaumarchais to declamations against the *grands seigneurs*, and against the magistracy; and the pictures of David to the re-

surrection of Grecian and Roman republicanism. But these men were less artists than pamphleteers, and their works have fallen into semi-oblivion, as is generally the case with all productions which have for a foundation political developments. Let us then do at least this justice to Dumas, and, generally speaking, to all the literary men of our age, that they have not let the white robe of poetry trail in the muddy gutter of popular cabals. The artists of the present day are placed too far above the politicians to put their talents at the service of the jealousies of the latter, or to obey their commands. When ministers at the present day direct anything, it is public business; artists, on the contrary, have assumed the government of ideas."

— The *Daily Times* of this city—which, by the way, cultivates the essay and literary interest quite as much as any daily newspaper in the language—is publishing a series of articles on the great conversationists. In number Four we have this characteristic passage on Jefferson:

"You have seen his portraits, his busts, the bronze statue—faithful enough except as to the limbs—which the Israelite navy-captain bought in Paris at the price of old clothes, and offered to Congress, but which it put by with disdain, as a stroke of speculation, meant to procure professional advancement not earned in any other way. From all these, one gets a just enough idea of the mere mould of his physiognomy; but none, of course, of that mobility which was its only fine quality, nor of the oddity of his complexion. This was much, in its general tint, of the color of cream; but as that substance is one of which you, good people of the great city of Gotham, conceive only as a modification of prepared chalk, let me explain by what they have oftener seen—the fruity part of a pumpkin pie. The face looked as if it were buttered with such a paste; but, in addition to this ghastliness of hue, it was besprinkled with small-pox pits, all of which were of a lively purple. Bad as was the uncontrasted complexion, you may imagine what its beauty became, when set off by such a foil. As to features, he had not one that was good, except the eyes; they were a greyish blue, clear and sparkling. His head was well set and well carried, but had the Jacobinical shape and air; his hair was originally reddish, but turned to an ill-bleached foxiness; his forehead was large, but not well modelled in those main frontal regions which bespeak loftiness of thought and creativeness of imagination: it indicated clearness, not greatness. His brows were neither strong nor soft, but irregular and uncertain, as those of one who was wanting in will, and yet had not much feeling. His nose was mean—a small tube ending in a sudden bulb; it was much cocked up, and derived from that shape a character of pertness and vulgarity. His mouth was rather large, but the lips thin and not well cut; the expression sitting on them bland but not benevolent, conciliating rather than kindly; its meaning assigned his emotions to the manners, not the heart—to policy, not the temper. The chin was, like the forehead, broader than it was strong. Such were his lineaments in detail: quite indifferent, separately; and yet, all together, very expressive and agreeable. As his motions, light and easy, were the contradiction of his ill-made limbs, so was his pleasing and animated countenance, that of features, of themselves, ignoble apart."

— In a country distinguished, like ours, for the amplitude of its broad sheets, this item from the *Sterling Journal* will arrest attention:

"We had the pleasure of inspecting on Friday last, at Airthrey Mills, an enormous sheet or web of white paper. The web is without a break, being one continuous sheet, 3,000 yards

in length—within a little of a mile and three-quarters—54 inches broad, and weighs 400lbs. This web was made, dried, and finished ready to be despatched within three hours, and might have been at its destination (Edinburgh) that night, had it not to wait until the next morning to charge it with duty, and then an additional number of hours to give the supervisor an opportunity to reweigh it, insuring a delay of about two days. In reference to this a correspondent says:—"For this delay and careful supervision there is charged upon the web £2 11s. 6d. as duty. The manufacturers will receive rather under £10 for the above sheet. They have the risk of bad debts, but, allowing all to be good, they have to pay for the rags, bleaching powder, alkali, rosin, &c., used in the manufacture; then rent, wages, wear and tear of machinery, as well as the above duty of £2 11s. 6d., all out of the £10. If it were not for machinery what would be the price of paper at present, or where would information for the people be, are questions that readily suggest themselves to us. They leave no doubt on the mind that, if the stamp and paper duties were abolished, we would have as extensive a circulation for newspapers as brother Jonathan. Besides the impetus that would be given to the spread of knowledge, the repeal would benefit more than one branch of industry which to a great extent is dependent upon the gleaning of the manufacturing fields, for, after the staple textile manufacturers have made the most of their materials, the paper-maker uses up that which would not only be waste indeed, but a nuisance to the land."

— J. V. Hall addresses to the London *Christian Observer* a letter in regard to a Tract under the title of "The Sinner's Friend," of which he is the author: in the letter is this paragraph, which shows that large circulation sometimes occurs quietly:

"The Sinner's Friend," says Mr. Hall, "has continued to increase in demand and circulation until it has arrived to upwards of eleven hundred thousand copies, in many different languages, scattered far and wide."

— Three or four advertisements from one of the last numbers of the London *Times* show an eccentric vein, decidedly; for instance, a new publication:

Now ready, in royal 18mo., price 1s.  
**THE CONCEITED PIG.** With Six Illustrations by Harrison Weir, engraved on wood. London, J. and C. Mozley, 6 Paternoster row.

— Another of the "same sort:"

Mr. PATRICK SCOTT'S NEW POEM.—This day, fcp. 4to., price 5s. 6d., cloth gilt.  
**LOVE in the MOON:** a Poem; with Remarks on that Luminary. By PATRICK SCOTT, Author of "Lello." Taylor, Walton, and Maberly, 28 Upper Gower street, and 27 Ivy lane.

— A new social divertimento is thus announced:—

**POP GOES the WEASEL:** the new dance, recently introduced with such distinguished success at the Court balls and at the balls and soirées of the nobility, is now published, with the original music and a full explanation of the figures, by Mons. E. Coulon. Price 1s., postage free. Jullien and Co., 214 Regent-street.

— We have known carpenters to wear newspaper caps, but a whole suit made out of that peculiar kind of wear we now hear of for the first time:—

**MUTUAL ADVANTAGE.**—Having a SET of the ILLUSTRATED NEWS, from the commencement to 1852, to dispose of, any person may possess them by EXCHANGE of old WEARING APPAREL, any old furniture, china, books, or Jewellery, to the amount of £15, 15s. They are 20 vols., half-bound in morocco, gilt backs, up to 1852. Address B, 12, Long-acre.

A POEM BY THACKERAY.

RONSARD TO HIS MISTRESS.

"Quand vous serez bien vieille, le soir à la chandelle  
Assise auprès du feu déviant et fléant  
Direz, chantant mes vers en vous emerveillant  
Ronsard m'a célébré au temps que j'étois belle."

Some winter night, shut snugly in  
Beside the fagot in the hall,

I think I see you sit and spin,  
Surrounded by your maidens all.  
Old tales are told, old songs are sung,  
Old days come back to memory;  
You say, "When I was fair and young,  
A poet sang of me!"

There's not a maiden in your hall,  
Though tired and sleepy ever so,  
But wakes as you my name recall,  
And longs the history to know.  
And as the piteous tale is said,  
Of lady cold and lover true,  
Each, musing, carries it to bed,  
And sighs and envies you!

"Our lady's old and feeble now,"  
They'll say "she once was fresh and fair,  
And yet she spurned her lover's vow,  
And heartless left him to despair;  
The lover lies in silent earth,  
No kindly mate the lady cheers;  
She sits beside a lonely hearth,  
With threescore and ten years!"

Ah! dreary thoughts and dreams are those,  
But wherefore yield me to despair,  
While yet the poet's bosom glows,  
While yet the dame is peerless fair!  
Sweet lady mine! while yet 't is time,  
Requite my passion and my truth,  
And gather in their blushing prime  
The roses of your youth!

MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH.

1846.

#### LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The sale of *Putnam's Monthly* has already largely outrun expectation, twenty thousand copies of the first number having been printed.

The Mercantile Library Association have purchased the Astor Place Opera House. The interior of the building will be immediately remodelled to suit its new purpose, for which it is admirably qualified by its position.

A second edition, enlarged, of Horace Greeley's *Hints towards Reforms* has appeared from the press of Fowler and Wells. It has the author's lecture on the Crystal Palace.

The Rev. J. A. Spencer's *Reformation in England*, has also reached a second edition. (Stanford and Swords).

The new firms of the Messrs. Derby, Miller, Orton, Coffin, Mulligan & Co., of Auburn, Geneva, Buffalo, &c., are detailed in their advertisement on another page.

Reports of the death of Professor Wilson have been current in the newspapers, but they are not confirmed by the latest arrival.

George R. Gliddon, the archaeologist, in conjunction with Professor Nott, is engaged in New Orleans in an ethnographical work of interest, to be entitled "Types of Mankind, or Ethnological Researches, based upon ancient monuments, paintings, sculptures, and crania of races, and upon their natural, geographical, philological, and biblical history."

Messrs. Hayden and Hubbard, Cincinnati, announce their next trade sale, and the attention of the trade is requested.

Mr. John Bartlett, Cambridge, has in press another work on chemistry, to wit: "Gallaway's Qualitative Analysis."

W. S. Martien has in press, and will publish in the course of the present month, a new work, by the late Archibald Alexander, D.D., entitled, "A History of the Israelitish Nation, from their origin to their dispersion at the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans," 1 vol. 8vo. Also, Notes for Teachers, being a series of Scripture Lessons for Sabbath Schools, with notes on the shorter catechism. Their recent Juvenile—"The Young Marooners; or, the Wreck on the Florida Coast"—a book of Robinson Crusoe interest and of adaptable utility, has reached a second edition.



Bulwer's "My Novel" is completed in the January No. of *Blackwood*, which opens with an article on "Slavery and the Slavepower in the United States."

The new number of the *Westminster Review* contains articles on Charity, Noxious and Beneficent, Uncle Tom and Slavery, Daniel Webster (by E. P. Whipple of Boston), the English Stage, and The History and Ideas of the Mormons, and, a peculiarly Westminster title, "The Atomic Theory before Christ and since."

The rare library which Louis Philippe had collected at the Chateau d'Eu, was to be sold at auction at Paris, on the 30th Dec.

The volume of the Official Scientific Exploration of Algeria, containing Perron's complete survey of Mussulman jurisprudence, civil and religious, has appeared in Paris. Also, a History of the Dukes of Normandy, by the Official Correspondent of the Ministry of Public Instruction, A. La Butte; and a new edition of the *Cesars*.

A picture of the Roman World under the first Emperors, by Count Frantz de Champagny. Didot has undertaken a series of Engravings with letter-press of the Gallery of Florence, and the Pitti Palace—one hundred livraisons at 5f. each.

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